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dwb

No.115 July 1993

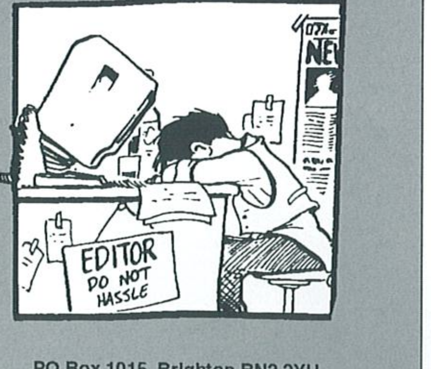
Pertwee-flavoured issue!

Red Dwarf
Talking Book Competition!

Exclusive interview

BARRY LETTS

It's official! Doctor Who is back in production!



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In case anybody's bothering to read this, stop now and look at the important stuff on the opposite page. Yes, it's actually happening, and I can't quite believe it either - I'd reckoned that if we were going to get a new series, well, this century, we'd get an announcement by the end of the year, but I'd written off the chances of anything being made in time for the anniversary itself. Just shows, you never can tell... And I'm out of space already. See you...

ANTHONY

NOTICE: As you might have spotted from the dates, only the **right-hand** side of the Space and Time advert on p.9 of DWB114 should have been printed. If you're considering it, **don't** try ordering the season eight reprints. The season two reprints however are well worth getting!

TO ORDER NEXT ISSUE (DWB 116, August 1993): send a crossed cheque/PO payable to DWB for £3.00 (£3.40 for card-reinforced first-class envelope) or US$5.75 to DWB 116, 5 Whitegate Gardens, Harrow-Weald, Middlesex HA3 6BW.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: See advert, p.21, for special offer.

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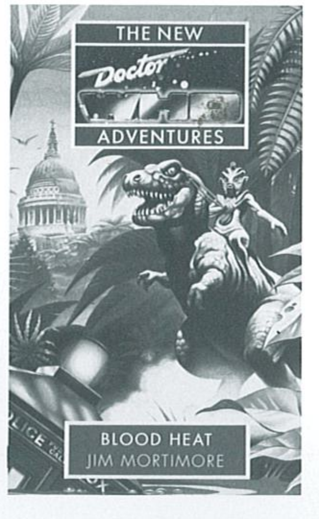
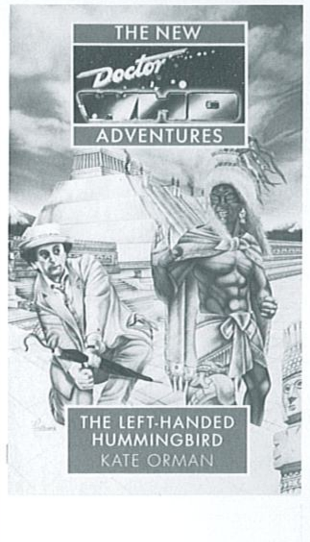
BOOK & AUDIO NEWS



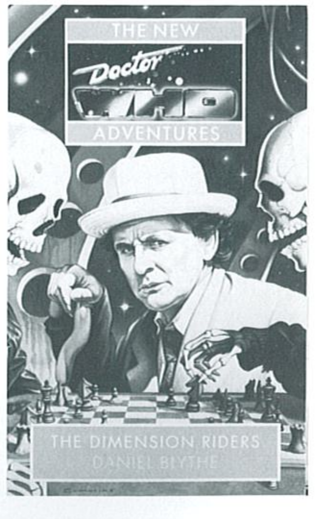
Above: *Bloodheat*, featuring the Silurians and the Brigadier (October)

Below: *The Left Handed Humming Bird* (December)



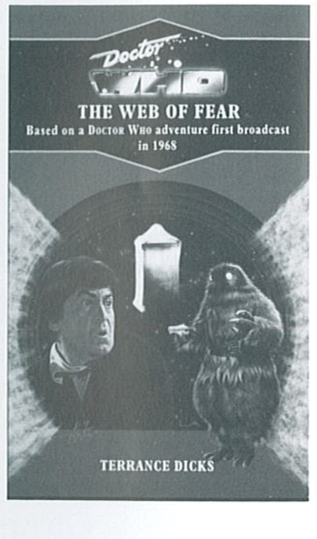
Three further NEW ADVENTURES have now been commissioned to follow on from the Alternative Universe cycle. Gareth Roberts' *Tragedy Day* will be published in March 1994, with DWM editor Gary Russell's *Legacy* (working title *Terror of Peladon*, which may give away some aspects of the plot!) scheduled for April, and *In-Vision* editor Justin Richards' *Theatre of War* following in May. Speaking at Blue Box, editor Peter Darvill-Evans confirmed that, with the NEW ADVENTURES well established, Virgin were now considering novels starring the earlier Doctors (THE UNTOLD TALES?), a possibility which the return of the series can only boost. *Genesys* will commence a series of NEW ADVENTURES reprints later this year.

Meanwhile Eric Saward has begun work on the novelisation of *Resurrection of the Daleks*, having completed work on the AUDIO COLLECTION tapes on June 4th. *Power of the Daleks* is now scheduled for release on August 2nd, with *Fury from the Deep* following on October 4th. The contract for the *Return of the Autons* novelisation should have been signed any time now. We would also be printing the cover to David Howe's *Timeframe*, the "most highly illustrated and comprehensive DOCTOR WHO book ever piblished", which will take a largely visual overview of the series year by year in full colour (including Katy Manning's infamous Dalek pose!), but as it consists of gloss black images of the Doctors' faces printed on matt black, there wouldn't be much point... Howe's earlier book *The Sixties* will come out in paperback in September.



Above: *The Dimension Riders* (November); Cover by Jeff Cummins

Below: *The Web of Fear* reprint cover (December)


Doctor Who
THE WEB OF FEAR
Based on a DOCTOR WHO adventure first broadcast in 1968
TERRANCE DICKS

Briefly...

***Paradise of Death* is confirmed for transmission at 18.30pm on Fridays from 27th August to 24th September. The double cassette pack comes out on 6th September**

MORE REPEATS DEFINITE

Further repeats have been confirmed by LATE SHOW producer Teresa Griffiths, who has indicated (in a letter to fan Adrian Pauley) that future seasons may be based around specific themes such as The Master or Monsters, and that the 30th Anniversary will be celebrated with a specially made programme and some classic episodes. This appears to support rumours that the evening of the 23rd November itself may be given over (in part) to a DOCTOR WHO night.

Additionally, it's interesting and pleasant to be able to note that letters concerning DOCTOR WHO sent to the Controller of BBC1 are no longer answered with an uninformative standard reply!

UK GOLD

Latest UK Gold schedules are:
The Time Warrior (21st-24th June);
The Time Monster (25th June-2nd July)
Invasion of the Dinosaurs (5th-9th July): Episodes Two - Six only, omitting the B&W Episode One.
The Green Death (12th-19th July)
The Monster of Peladon (20th-28th July)

DWAS REJECTS DWB'S PEACE OFFER?

Below is the text of Gary Leigh's letter to the DWAS attempting to arrange a truce regarding past disagreements. Unfortunately, we understand from intermediaries that the DWAS do not even intend to acknowledge it.

Further to our brief chat at the Fitzroy Tavern on 3rd June, I am writing to clarify the points I raised in a general letter which I would be grateful if you could read out to the attendees of this Sunday's DWAS Executive meeting.

As some considerable amount of time has now passed since DWAS and DWB last exchanged communications (although I have waited patiently for some form of an acknowledgement to my last letter), I'm sure I am not alone in feeling this state of limbo is in no way conducive to the benefit of either parties and, least of all, our respective readerships whom we purport to serve. Since the DWAS Exec. appear to have nothing further to add to Steve Wickham's letter, I am left with no other choice than to seek the truce that is clearly needed and a commitment to ensure that both parties can co-exist and co-operate in the future, if only to allow our mutual members - which includes a considerable overlapping - to be best served. I am sure that you will agree that for such disunity to occur at a time when our efforts should be united in celebration of such an important year is both petty and unconstructive, and while I am still puzzled as to, a) the censoring of all mention of DWB from the pages of CT, and, b) your barring of myself in person from future DWAS events (even though I am still a paid up DWAS member and that DWB will be freely available for purchase at said events), I am asking for a truce and a sensible solution to this sorry state of affairs.

Everyone I have spoken to concerning this matter (including such luminary fans as Gary Russell, Stephen James Walker and Alec Charles) have said they do not agree with your stand in principle, and I'm sure that with the benefit of hindsight you can see why censorship of this kind is not only wrong but a clear betrayal of your members. I am personally saddened not least because DWB is nearing its own tenth anniversary, a considerable achievement for any fan magazine, let alone one that has served Doctor Who fans for a decade, and the fact that this landmark will, as it stands, pass unmentioned in the Appreciation society's own newsletter is absurd.

I understand that a large part of your derision towards DWB stems from your ties with certain people to whom you still feel a sense of loyalty towards, but I would add that as DWB enters its second decade our policy will be very much forward-thinking. As we turn towards what could be a new era for Doctor Who, contentious issues such as the JNT debate and past DWAS/DWB conflicts will be dead and buried. Whilst DWB will still aim to put the fan first in the future and won't shy away from issues we feel need to be aired publically, the DWAS can certainly rest assured that, unless exceptional circumstances dictate, there'll be absolutely no ill-feeling whatsoever directed at the Society, and I would hope that DWAS would adopt a similar policy towards DWB.

I sincerely hope that a motion can be posted at this meeting lifting the censorship. I for one would most certainly like to share the 30th anniversary celebrations at Panopticon this September, and meet some of DWB's readers who have helped the magazine reach its 10th birthday. Most importantly I would like to see a fandom united as the likelihood of the programme return grows ever more likely by the day.

I would appreciate some form of a reply by June 14th, preferably to the effect that DWB115 (which goes to press of the end of the week) can conatin an article headed "DWAS and DWB Resolve Past Differences"

Yours sincerely, Gary Leigh.

On the eve of DWB's 100th issue, we broke the news of the return to the BBC of *The Tomb of the Cybermen*. Now, on the eve of our tenth anniversary issue, we are able to announce the news we have all been waiting for, as confirmed to us on Thursday June 10th by BBC Enterprises...

DOCTOR WHO IS BACK IN PRODUCTION

PUBLIC CALL
BOX
POLICE

BBC Enterprises, the BBC's marketing arm have been persuaded to release the sizable funds required to put a ninety minute 30th anniversary special into production - "A feature film for television" as described by its appointed director Graeme Harper, the widely-respected protogee of Douglas Camfield who has been a consistent favourite of 'best director' polls.

SURVIVING DOCTORS ENTHUSIASTIC

With contracts yet to be formally signed as we go to press, it is believed that all five surviving Doctors have greeted the news enthusiastically and have agreed in principle to provide their services (yes, even Tom Baker!). Initial reports suggest that the special won't be a 'reunion' romp in the style of 1983's *The Five Doctors*, but will instead keep all the post-1970 Doctors more or less confined to their own timestreams while encountering connected events. This approach was apparently considered the wisest option if the project was to attract Tom Baker back to a role where he had been used to his charisma dominating scenes.

The script's author is perhaps the greatest surprise of all. In DWB109 we exclusively reported the involvement of fan Adrian Rigelsford in a forthcoming anniversary video following the departure of John Nathan-Turner from BBC Video, who had already shot material for a documentary-style celebration. Rigelsford, who wrote Virgin's recent *Monsters* book and contributed to Who Dares' highly acclaimed *Cybermen* in the later '80s, might seem a bizarre choice to write a 30th anniversary DOCTOR WHO special, but Graeme Harper describes him as "one of the most talented young writers" he has ever worked with, who "has the talent to become another Robert Holmes"! Harper says the script is "a Hammer film rather than just a DOCTOR WHO", and with such a broad fan-based knowledge of the series as demonstrated in Rigelsford's writing so far, we can expect both the atmosphere of traditional DOCTOR WHO and a faithful eye on the problems of continuity - an essential aspect of any multi-Doctor adventure!

No established foes from the series' past are known to be involved in the plot, but casting is currently underway for a major new villain, with Harper seeking a well-known respected actor whose name will help to market the programme. One thing has been made very clear - he **won't** be out of the light entertainment mould favoured by the programme in recent years!

A producer for the project has not been assigned, and since the principle tasks of securing a script and director have already been achieved, the role would now require minimal artistic input.

To have the programme ready for November at the earliest, most of the story will be shot on location, a move designed to reduce potential difficulties in securing inhouse or independent studio facilities at such short notice, and which should also help to guard against disruption from the strike which currently seems likely to result from the BBC's offer of a 1.5% pay rise. Pre-production is likely to start in July, with the bulk of shooting taking place in September, and Harper advocates making the entire programme on film, dispensing with the cheaper late '80s option of shooting location footage with outside broadcast video facilities.

A return to the Tom Baker-era signature tune is also being considered, as is the use of the diamond logo regarded as the definitive WHO emblem by Enterprises. The McCoy titles are also likely to be abandoned in favour of a new sequence influenced by the old slit-scan Time Tunnel, which might also make use of colourised segments from the B&W sequences.

PERFECT TIMING

Timing more than anything else has been on DOCTOR WHO'S side, with the departure of Jonathan Powell and Mark Shivas, and their replacement by Alan Yentob and Charles Denton, coming just in time for production to be complete by the Anniversary. Yentob, Denton and Peter Cregeen all gave the vital green light to the project and without their support it would never have go off the ground. The extraordinary timing of these events could be as easily attributed to some friendly faces from on high smiling down on us as to any more rational explanation! Since the beginning of the year the project has been very much touch and go, at times looking like it would never stand a chance of making it into production. So perhaps, just perhaps, DOCTOR WHO's destiny is truly mapped out among the stars...

DON'T HASSLE ENTERPRISES!

Finally, it must be stressed that this is not a hoax or based on rumour, but official confirmation that a 30th Anniversary special is in the works. Enterprises have agreed to keep DWB informed of all developments as they happen, and have understandably requested that fans should not contact their offices for information since none will be imparted. Put simply, leave them to get on with the task in hand and watch DWB for further information.

SUPPORT THIS PROJECT

It is vitally important as fans of the series that we support this project, not just to ensure that it performs well, but also to repay this incredible debt to BBC Enterprises who have spearheaded DOCTOR WHO's return. From a marketing viewpoint they could have reaped huge dividends had they secured a video first/broadcast later deal with BBC1, but as the major purchaser of the programme BBC1 has called the shots here, and it will receive a simultaneous worldwide broadcast/video release taking in Australia and America. Extra footage or a mini-documentary on the video would of course give it added appeal, but mainly to hardcore fans who could be expected to purchase the tape anyway. What I, for DWB, am therefore advocating, even at this very early stage, is a simple two-fold manoeuvre which will both maximise BBC Enterprises' return **and** increase public awareness of the return of DOCTOR WHO: that every fan should buy at least two copies - and give one away to a non-'hardcore' fan as an early Christmas present. If *The Tomb of the Cybermen* can sell over 100,000 copies, then surely we can help Enterprises to top 250,000 with a brand new adventure! This issue's letters pages may criticise Enterprises with regard to the forthcoming 'fan's choice' video releases, but let's show Enterprises we can be extremely grateful as well! Enterprises is even considering the possibility of continuing a tradition by releasing a Radio Times 30th Anniversary Special later this year!

Gary Leigh

Dreamwatch Bulletin 115

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Cover: The Doctor (Jon Pertwee), the Brigadier (Nicholas Courtney) and Liz Shaw (Caroline John) - *Doctor Who and the Silurians* (BBC Video)

Back Cover: Dr Elizabeth Shaw (Caroline John) - Doctor Who and the Silurians (BBC Video).

NEXT ISSUE: Souvenir tenth anniversary issue, with free extra pages & History of DWB pullout. Peter Miles on Doctor Who, old and new; The Barry Letts interview continued; Quatermass; A Pete Wallbank cover and more...

CREGEEN PROMISES MORE SCI-FI

On May 23rd, Biteback reported on science fiction. Sue Lawley introduced the item by commenting (in a notable change of policy from recent years) that the BBC admitted that it had neglected the area, and hinted at a possible return of DOCTOR WHO...

The item itself was presented by Richard Jobson in the traditional vaguely patronising style ("Beam me down, Scotty"). After commenting on the growing tide of protest which had risen since the BBC stopped making DOCTOR WHO in 1989, he commented that the sixth season of RED DWARF was to be shown... sometime in the future. Rob Grant and Doug Naylor, who had earlier commented that the BBC had to recognise that there was a demand for science fiction and start serving that audience, then described the difficulty they had in getting the go-ahead for science fiction from the BBC, explaining how they had to limit its role in their early episodes. Jobson then noted that RED DWARF was the BBC's only science fiction output. After a brief tour of Forbidden Planet, SF author Wendy Bradley commented on the continuing popularity of science fiction films, noting that in the fifties QUATERMASS II (represented by a clip from QUATERMASS II) had drawn "CORONATION STREET size audiences". Clips from OUT OF THE UNKNOWN, BLAKE'S 7 (*Orac*)and DOCTOR WHO (*Dalek Invasion of Earth, Evil of the Daleks, The Mutants, The Hand of Fear & Happiness Patrol*)then followed. Fan Tony Houston commented that DOCTOR WHO should definitely come back, as it could look at different subjects in both a light and serious way, and that, while when it was bad it might have been terrible, when it was good it was brilliant. Andrew Beech (and, as always, his costume collection) then backed this comment.

Peter Cregeen then appeared to state that "There is a great future for DOCTOR WHO - it could go on to be a major success for a long period of time. But it has to be absolutely the right time, and the right team to make it."

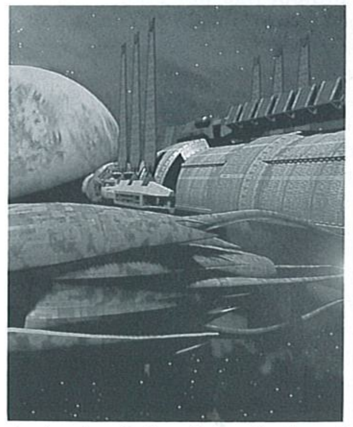
A group of young viewers then expressed their desire for fewer repeats, more new science fiction, and "more QUANTUM LEAP." Peter Cregeen then agreed that there wasn't enough science fiction on the BBC, but added that this wasn't because he didn't want to make it. "I'd very much like a good sci-fi drama series. Strangely enough, although the issue is discussed a lot, we don't actually get a lot of submissions, and I really urge people who want sci-fi on our screen, and particularly who want to write it, to get in touch with us." He then added that there was a "project we're talking about for BBC1 [that] is a major series of sci-fi that, if we make it, would really be one of the major drama projects of the decade." What effect his likely departure will have on these plans is unknown

*BBC drama department has become known as the "Corridor of Fear" since the arrival of Charles Denton as Drama Chief, according to *The Guardian*. Birmingham drama head Barry Hanson, responsible for LADY CHATTERLEY, A YEAR IN PROVENCE and SPECIALS has been recalled to London to return to production, and the resignation of Head of Series Peter Cregeen was confirmed just before we went to press.

*Further personnel changes have meanwhile been taking place at BBC Enterprises. Chief Executive James Arnold Baker, who three years ago stated that "DOCTOR WHO is an old property which has had its day." has left (a move widely expected to follow soon after John Birt's arrival as DG) to become head of the Oxford University Press. His departure may have allowed BBC Video Tony Greenwood to obtain funding for the 30th Anniversary DOCTOR WHO special. Ironicaly however, Tony Greenwood is also moving on, to become head of the new Childrens' International division, while Mike Diprose is to take over the home video division (and responsibility for DOCTOR WHO and other telefantasy videos) under overall group director Nick Chapman.

BABYLON 5 IS GO!

BABYLON 5 has been approved for 22 episodes as a series to be syndicated by Prime Time Entertainment as Warner's operation hopes to increase its total series offerings from two to four dramas. BABYLON 5 will take the place of TIME TRAX as a syndication partner to KUNG FU: THE LEGEND CONTINUES, while TIME TRAX will be moved to a different night in conjunction with another series to be named later. The weekly episodes will not begin broadcasting until January, 1994, giving BABYLON 5's producers time to reassemble their cast and cew. Harlan Ellison is writing one of the first four scripts and will serve as creative consultant for the series. Other veteran science fiction writers are expected to contribute and a novelization of the pilot film will probably be forthcoming from the pen of one-time STAR TREK writer David Gerrold. There is no word yet on whether there may be any casting changes for the series. Lead Michael Hare received extensive criticism for his performance as the station commander in the pilot film. Series creator J. Michael Straczynski has blamed any shortcomings in the pilot on the loss of twenty minutes of the filmed material to editing, and the unforeseen gap between the pilot and the series which would follow up on elements hinted at in the film. However, he is now grateful to have time to "get it right" instead of having to rush into production for immediate broadcast.



Kathleen Toth

NEW TREK TAPES

Latest NEXT GENERATION video releases include the superb *Chain of Command*. Schedules for the next few months are as follows:

July 19th
DEEP SPACE NINE collectors video (£30) - Consisting of *Emissary* with special interviews. (It is unclear whether *Emissary* will also be included in the standard set of tapes - we have assumed it wil be in the following list).

August 2nd
DEEP SPACE NINE 1 - *Emissary?*
DEEP SPACE NINE 2 - *Past Prologue, Man Alone*

September 6th
DEEP SPACE NINE 3 - *Babel, Captive Pursuit*
DEEP SPACE NINE 4 - *Q-Less, Dax*
NEXT GENERATION 70 - *Aquiel, Face of the Enemy*

October 4th
DEEP SPACE NINE 5 - *The Passenger, Move Along Home*
DEEP SPACE NINE 6 - *The Nagus, The Vortex*

October 18th
NEXT GENERATION 71 - *Tapestry, Birthright I*
NEXT GENERATION 72 - *Birthright II, Starship Mine*

November 8th
DEEP SPACE NINE 7 - *Battle Lines, The Storyteller*
DEEP SPACE NINE 8 - *Progress, If Wishes were Horses*

November 22nd
NEXT GENERATION 73 - *Lessons, The Chase*
NEXT GENERATION 74 - *Frame of Mind, Suspicions*

ITC Schedules

June 21st - ITC CLASSICS: £9.99 each
THE FIFTIES: WILLIAM TELL - *The Prisoner* (with Michael Caine); THE BUCCANEERS - *The Aztec Treasure*; SIR FRANCIS DRAKE - *The Slaves of Spain*; THE ADVENTURES OF SIR LANCELOT - *Knight's Choice* (with William Russell); SWORD OF FREEDOM - *The School*; and THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD - *The Mystery of Ireland's Eye* and *The Little People* (these are two consecutive episodes set in Ireland.)
THE SIXTIES Volume One: THE CHAMPIONS - *Autokill*; DEPARTMENT S - *Handicap Dead* (with Dudley Sutton); THE BARON - *The Legions of Ammak*; and THE POWER GAME - *The Switch.*
THE SIXTIES Volume Two: RANDALL AND HOPKIRK (DECEASED) - *A Sentimental Journey*; MAN IN A SUITCASE - *Sweet Sue* (with Judy Geeson); THE STRANGE REPORT - *Report Number 2475 - Revenge* (with Anneke Wills & John Thaw) and DANGER MAN - *Hired Assassin* (half-hour episode).
THE SIXTIES Volume Three: THE SAINT - *The Latin Touch* (black and white); DANGER MAN - *The Girl in Pink Pyjamas* (half-hour episode); GIDEON'S WAY - *The Rhyme and the Reason* and SEAWAY - *The 34th Man* (an ITC Canadian production).
THE SEVENTIES Volume One: JASON KING - *Toki* (with Felicity Kendall); THE ZOO GANG - *The Counterfeit Trap* (with Peter Cushing and Jacqueline Pearce); FATHER BROWN - *The Man with Two Beards* and THE PROTECTORS - *Shadbolt* (a real turkey).
THE SEVENTIES Volume Two: THE PERSUADERS! - A HOME OF ONE'S OWN; RETURN OF THE SAINT - *The Debt Collectors* (with Mary Tamm); SPYDER'S WEB - *Romance on Wheels* (with Anthony Ainley); and SPACE:1999 - *Catacombs of the Moon* (second season episode with Pamela Stephenson).

July:
SAPPHIRE & STEEL Volume Six
THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS Volumes Three and Four (three episodes per volume)
THE PERSUADERS! Volume Seven: *The Long Goodbye* and *Nuisance Value*
THE PERSUADERS! Volume Eight: *A Death in the Family* and *The Man in the Middle*

August:
THE ZOO GANG Volumes One and Two
TIMESLIP: *The Year of the Burn Up*
THRILLER Volumes One and Two (two episodes per tape)
DEPARTMENT S Volume Three: *A Cellar Full of Silence* and *One of our Aircraft is Empty*
DEPARTMENT S Volume Four: *Black Out* and *The Man in the Elegant Room*
RANDALL AND HOPKIRK (DECEASED) Volume Six

September:
THE CHAMPIONS Volumes Nine and Ten
JASON KING Chapters Three and Four
MAN IN A SUITCASE Volumes Three and Four

Other news:
Polygram video have finally decided release dates for the last three volumes of U.F.O.

June 14th
U.F.O. Volume Nine: *The Cat With Ten Lives* and *The Sound of Silence*

July 12th
U.F.O. Volume Ten: *Destruction* and *The Psychobombs*

August 16th
U.F.O. Volume Eleven: *Mindbender*, *The Long Sleep* and *Timelash*
All three tapes will retail at £9.99

THUNDERBIRDS AND THE WORLDS OF GERRY ANDERSON; an exhibition of sets; models and puppets from Gerry Anderson's television series from STINGRAY onwards is being staged in Blackpool.
This is claimed to be the biggest exhibition so far; and given the size of the recent Wolverhampton show which took over a whole museum; it must be pretty big.
The exhibition opened at the Winter Gardens; Blackpool on the 5th of June and will run until November 1993. Opening hours are 10am to 10pm every day and further information can be obtained from the Winter Garden's Box Office tel. 0253-25252.

briefly...

The Young Indiana Jones Chronicles faces cancellation.

Bonhams plan another telefantasy costume auction on Thursday 2nd September. Details from Caroline Gillis on (071) 351 7111.

Peter Davison and Sandra Dickinson have split up and plan an amicable divorce.

Ice Warrior and Carry On star Bernard Bresslaw died suddenly as he prepared to go on stage on the 11th June.

The *Ghost Light* script book will now be published on June 29th.

Colin Baker & Manopticon

Colin Baker
Bucks

Lest any of your readers failed to notice the irony implicit in the juxtaposition of the two articles in DWB114, both with the byline 'Gary Leigh', and headed *Sixth Doctor Handbook Attempted to Slant History* and *Manopticon drops Saward and Levine in response to Colin Baker Ultimatum* - allow me to highlight it for them.

The first article suggest that it is perfectly proper for Eric Saward to withdraw "his quotes" from a book "because he felt that a controversial account of events had been unfairly countered by gushing quotes given by other people under less forthright circumstances, for instance Colin baker [sic] immediately after his casting in 1984" (whatever that may mean!). The second article suggests that it is not proper for Colin Baker to indicate that he wishes to withdraw himself from a Convention at which Eric Saward will be present. The words "double standards" and "hypocrisy" spring to the lips.

Readers will surely come to the inescapable conclusion that Gary Leigh considers the actions of Eric Saward to be beyond scrutiny and beyond the application of the same criteria as those applied (inaccurately) to myself.

As you are such ruthless pursuers of the truth, allow me to offer you the opportunity to put the record straight.

When I discovered that Eric Saward was to be at Manopticon, I telephoned Paul Cornell and told him that I no longer wished to attend. I made no ultimatum, nor did I expect Manopticon to alter their existing arrangements. I was subsequently persuaded by them to reverse my decision because Eric Saward would not be there at the same time as me. This was entirely their decision, and I would have been quite happy to spend the Bank Holiday with my family.

At no time did I express any opinion about the presence or otherwise of Ian Levine. As your article correctly states, I co-operated with his suggestion that I appear on ENTERTAINMENT EXPRESS to help in the Bring Back the Doctor Campaign (so presumably he did not feel that I had "saturated the market"). I do not know Ian well and have no personal reason to avoid him.

My reasons for not wishing to appear with Eric Saward are personal and, I believe, known to him. I have no desire to have to meet him in front of 500 fans.

Furthermore, I am very happy to stay away from Conventions, if the fans agree with your assertion that I have "more or less saturated the Convention circuit in recent years". If the Convention organisers believe that the fans would rather hear Eric inveigh against John Nathan Turner and myself, I am sure they are perfectly capable of inviting him rather than me.

But I will certainly not be there. No ultimatum, I simply reserve for myself the same right that your readers have - of declining to go somewhere where I will not feel comfortable. Life's too short.

As to the 6th Doctor Handbook, I was asked by its authors to write an introduction, which I was pleased to do as I had known them over the last ten years quite well. I was afforded the opportunity of correcting one or two minor factual details (eg the name of my school). It did not occur to me, nor would I wish, to ask for some of the less flattering opinions and remarks to be removed - It is their book, not mine. I am surprised that Eric Saward, who is a professional writer himself, does not respect that viewpoint.

I would ask you to print this letter in full and in the same type size and prominence as the original articles. I would request that in future you take a little more time to check the facts before rushing to print. Otherwise you might run the risk of being accused of sacrificing the truth in order to support an existing prejudice. Also, of course, I am sure you would not wish to publish anything defamatory and therefore actionable.

Gary Leigh replies: *The situation as described to Eric Saward by Manopticon organiser Paul Cornell and subsequently published in DWB114 differed somewhat from the account provided here. For example, it was clear that Paul Cornell believed at the time that Colin Baker had no desire to share a convention billing with either Eric Saward or "Mr Levine", and acted on that basis. Apologies to Mr Baker if he feels misrepresented by this affair, but we did not state that a direct demand had been made. However, when one guest states he doesn't wish to attend if another guest whose name has less drawing power will be present, while leaving open the possibility that he might nevertheless be persuaded to attend if circumstances changed (as was indeed the case here), an implied ultimatum is inevitable, whether it is desired or not. At the event itself you asked the audience if they would attend a party if there was someone there they didn't like. Knowing that that someone had been invited months before myself, I personally would have done the gentlemanly thing and stayed at home!*

Regarding our coverage of the Sixth Doctor Handbook amendments, I believe that Eric had every right to complain about his treatment by the authors; he had, after all, personally invited them into his home following their request for an account of his version of events during your turbulent period on DOCTOR WHO. For his quotes to then be intentionally trivialised and made a mockery of reflects only on the professionalism and downright rudeness of the authors and in no way prejudices Mr Saward's own professionalism as a writer in requesting his be removed, as you suggest.

We have reported Eric's version of events comprehensively in DWB simply because other publications have proved reluctant to do so (and also because it is supported by the off the record accounts of other long-serving members of the series' production team during the 1980s who, for personal reasons do not wish to go public unless absolutely required to do so.) However your own loyalty towards Mr Nathan Turner, as demonstrated at Manopticon, is admirable, if not puzzling.

Thumbs Down for "Fan's Choice" Videos

John Pettigrew
Fife

You've got to laugh, haven't you? I mean BBC Video trumpeting their new policy of listening to the fans and issuing the video titles that they (we) want to see. Ears prick up until you discover that they're talking about *The Two Doctors, Resurrection of the Daleks* and... *The Trial of Time Lord*. Now I'm not suggesting that BBC Video are out and out liars or anything but something sounds seriously dodgy here. Okay, I can imagine a lot of DWM readers voting for *Resurrection* and even the fiasco set in Spain but who on earth would stick the entire season 23 at the top of the list? *The Mysterious Planet* was the most insipid tale from the fertile imagination of Holmes, *Mindwarp* was utter bilge with only the Trial scenes to redeem it (but not enough to save it from being rubbish), *Terror of the Vervoids* was incredibly average and had Bonnie Langford in it and the final two episodes had some good ideas but was obviously rushed and tied up the whole *Trial* storyline rather unsatisfactorily. A wasted opportunity. I realise that these are only my humble opinions but I'm sure that many people would agree, in essence, that season 23 was... well, pretty poor. And yet BBC Video are proud to announce that they are bending to the fan's whims and releasing these episodes over three tapes in a limited edition Police Box! Oooh! Just what I always wanted... The cynic in me seems to be implying that the marketing boys at BBC Video came up with the idea of the pretty little TARDIS tin box first for the November "30 years this month" video release before looking around for the material they could bung on three tapes. Thing is, the results of the DWM 1992 poll has yet to be announced (and this is, I assume, what BBC Video are basing their plans on) and yet *Trial* has a definite release date. Amazing when you consider that season one of RED DWARF has been held up, postponed and put back several time due to contractual difficulties.

To recap; by not listening to the fans 1993 has already seen the release of *Image of the Fendahl, Terror of the Autons, The Dœmons, Enlightenment, The Keeper of Traken* and *The Invasion*. By heeding fan wishes, we're getting *The Trial of a Time Lord* in a tin box, *The Two Doctors* over two tapes and *Resurrect:ion* . Hmm... Perhaps if BBC Video just suited themselves over future titles we might have got *The Seeds of Doom*, *Inferno*, *Kinda* and *The Horror of Fang Rock* by the end of the year.

Neil Andrew
Oldham

DWB114's news of the 'interesting' WHO videos was a masterpiece of understatement - £35 for *Trial Of A Time Lord* needs no comment and the reply is equally brief - typical. Fine, these are what DWM readers wanted (though I didn't!!) but DWB's last poll indicates the age differences, but was DWB consulted? The Dalek pack reeks of blackmailing fans into buying both stories but I at least will save a fortune this year.

Does anyone else think charging £17 for twin packs is still a rip off when three hours of POLDARK is only £11? With the apparent dropping of the other SF releases eg:OUT OF THE UNKNOWN, this really has not been a good year, with the lack of Tom Baker material only partially compensated by the Pertwee tapes. What is going on at BBC Video? Answers on a brick through their window...

Ed: Just in case - that last comment was facetious. Facetious, right, as in not serious!

Kenneth Horlock
Gillingham

Have to comment on the 'special' videos coming up, in particular *The Chase/Remembrance* and *Trial*. I mean, come on, is this a rip-off or what? I wasn't going to buy *Remembrance*, and there were probably other people who felt the same way about *The Chase*. Now we've no choice, and its worse for *Remembrance* fans who will have to pay a massive £19 over the odds for the four episodes they want! And why is the package £29.99 anyway? Released separately, *Chase* and *Remembrance* should come to £27.98. So where does the extra £2 come from? Oh, its for the special Daleky box, which most of us could live without, and the special booklet, which will probably just be a pretty commercial for the other BBC Video/Audio tapes no 'true' fan can be without! As I say, a rip-off!

Maxwell Rowan
Falkirk

I never thought I'd be writing another letter complaining about BBC Video after last year's JNT inspired fiasco, but the forthcoming releases have forced me to speak out yet again. With the 30th Anniversary looming, BBC Video, in their infinite wisdom, decide to package *The Chase* and *Remembrance* together, losing a lot of potential buyers (including myself) who would like to buy *The Chase* but not *Remembrance*. The release of *Trial* will be nothing short of a disaster. Who in their right mind will spend £35 on what is arguably the worst season of DOCTOR WHO ever committed to celluloid. And no amount of packaging is going to save it! When the 'fan's choice' was first announced I had a horrible premonition. It's come true. *The Two Doctors* is a prime example of a great script turned into an inconsequential mess by bad direction and *Resurrection* has dated badly. Even its author felt it wasn't up to scratch - just another rip-off of *Earthshock*. It wouldn't have taken a genius to guess that these stories would top DWM's voting as opposed to anything from the 60s and the 70s as it's guarantied that the majority of voters weren't even born when Pertwee was

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the Doctor. I have nothing against these stories being released eventually, but as part of the 30th Anniversary celebration they are wholly inappropriate

N Spencer
Manchester
Surely BBC Enterprises are taking the piss, because if this is the best they can do as the 'fans' choice' then I never want to be known as a fan.

Simon Patrick
Bexleyheath
Firstly, please, no more page upon page of JNT slagging. Ninety-nine per cent of us know what he has done to the programme (and its image within the BBC), so can't we just put it all behind us now and forget about the rotter? Secondly, at the time of writing (June 2nd), I've just read DWB 114 and DWCC 8 and they both feature the cover for *The Invasion*. On that cover is a flash on the bottom corner stating "Complete at last with.an introduction by Nicholas Courtney". Complete? An introduction, not links? Is this true? If so, as the Cyberleader would say, excellent! But where have these missing episodes come from? Is Roger Arnold (DWB102) right after all? If it is not complete, a prime case for the Trade Descriptions Act, I would say. Lastly, if BBC Enterprises think that I'm going to pay £34.99 for that abomination *The Trial of a Time Lord*, they are sadly mistaken!
***Ed:** The preview covers printed last issue were corrected for the general release.*

Adam Birch
Wolverhampton
I am writing to you to pose a question to yourself and your general readership. Why is virtually every video release in the DOCTOR WHO range the recipient of a harsh critique, to say the very least?

Not so very long ago, anyone found to have the temerity to suggest that *The Dœmons* was a turkey would probably be tried for heresy (mind you some of us still feel that way). Thanks must go to Paul Cornell, though, for his scathing assault on *Terror of The Autons*. His review made me rewatch not only *Terror* - but the rest of the available Pertwee material. This reinforced my opinion that the review was a pile of Macra droppings.

So briefly to DWB 113. This is the fly in my letter's ointment. I have to concur with Tim Munro's review of *Silly Nemesis* (isn't 2/10 a little generous, though)? However, I can think of one story which would be less worthy of a video release - *Delta and The Bannermen*. Only additional video footage could make it worse.
***Ed:** One might suggest that its a sign of progress in both DWB and fandom that heresy trials are out this year - for more on the subject see pages 11-13. More generally, I make it 5 good, 2 positive but critical, and 3 bad reviews so far this year. Given the releases, that hardly seems unfair...*

THE MANOPTICON CONTROVERSY

Duncan Steele
Aberdeen
'Interesting' video choices!? Definitely not interesting. Mind boggling tedium. The dire Pertwee choices and then the woeful *Remembrance of the Daleks. The Trial of a Time Lord!* Who in their right mind will buy it for £35 a throw? BBC Video seem to have their Doctors confused. A case of too many Bakers spoils the anniversary.

The news that Levine and Saward were dropped from Manopticon had me laughing. This pair of publicity seeking ex-WHO people should be ignored and allowed to crawl back under the rock from whence they came. Over the last six months DWB has included Eric this and Saward that but frankly no-one cares. Eight years ago we might have been but now we don't care what JNT did. DOCTOR WHO is dead and buried and nothing will bring it back no matter how much publicity Saward gets.
PS:I've tried, but what was Dolores Gray ever in apart from *Silver Nemesis*. If anyone knows please put me out of my misery.
***Ed:** I'll admit, there have been times in recent months when I've wondered whether a heading like 'Eric Saward news' wasn't appropriate for certain pages. But Eric Saward is doing a lot of WHO related stuff at the moment, and he's being good enough to keep us up-to-date. It would be impolite not to acknowledge that, and stupid for us not to report upcoming books, audios etc just because Eric has had more than his share of mentions for the issue! As for Dolores Gray - at the time she was starring in the West End production of Stephen Sondheim's Follies, and has spent most of her career in similar musicals.*

Adam Maguire
Glasgow
May I congratulate Colin Baker on his stand against Mssrs. Saward and Levine as reported in DWB 114. The tone of the article seems to imply fault on Mr Baker's part, conveniently forgetting the often downright offensive and unjustifiable remarks made of Mr Baker's work by the people involved. Although these criticisms are not always levelled at the actor himself, Mr Saward and especially Mr Levine seem to regard his era as a collection of poor scripts and bad acting, a view that is not shared by everyone. Mr Levine seems to think that his opinion is law and representative of all DOCTOR WHO fans, which is certainly not the case. Colin Baker's alien and waspish portrayal of the Doctor was radically different from all his predecessors, and this made him unique. During the Colin Baker era, the programme became as adult as it ever got - witness the non-too subtle implications of necrophilia in *Revelation of the Daleks*, or the violence in *Vengeance on Varos*. The highly imaginative standards attained during this era put the Sylvester McCoy seasons that followed to shame.

If Mr Levine was indeed a dedicated fan of the series, he would not make such openly destructive comments about the last ten years of it or expect total adoration from fandom for all his favours (witness - a recent DWB item stated that the proposed Colin Baker repeat, *The Mark of the Rani*, was replaced by the Dalek story after 'the short-comings of the story were pointed out by Ian Levine.' How nice of him to select his own favourites for repeat showing - whilst I do agree with him about the quality of the Dalek story and its undoubted superiority, I can't help thinking that if Mr Levine had had a personal fondness for *Timelash* we would have got that instead.) But no. Mr Levine is guilty of all the character flaws of which he accuses JNT, and expects acclaim and gratitude from fans for his work over the years.

Fandom can do without such benefactors. Colin Baker does not wish to see the convention degenerate into another anti-JNT/pro-Ian Levine affair, and has every right to demand that someone who has been so openly spiteful of his time on the programme should not be present.

NO MORE JNT, PLEASE!

Alex Goldfinch
Newcastle upon Tyne
While The Full Circle articles appeared to be really well-researched they contained much speculation and inference about the JNT era which I found distasteful and uncomfortable to read. Surely everybody **knows** that DOCTOR WHO's chief enemy over the last twelve years has been JNT's failure to balance the right writers, actors and production teams with each other. To have devoted four lengthy and (with all respect to Tim Munro) boring articles to proving this fact, is simply **flogging a dead horse.**

Moreover I don't appreciate bitchy wastes of print space like The Alternative Making of Silver Nemesis by Gary Leigh. It's not funny and I believe that most of the stuff written about Gray Downie may have contained the grain of truth but must have been grossly exaggerated (surely **no-one** could turnout to be anything like the screeching cartoon caricature that Mr Leigh paints).

So please, lets stop the bitching and the pointless recriminations and get on with what DWB has always been best at - punchy, to the point reviews, thought-provoking articles with a dash of good-will and humour thrown in as well.
***Ed:** Since taking over, I've always intended that The Full Circle series should be the final word on JNT.*

THE COST OF DWB

David Henforth
Harrogate
I enjoy reading DWB and have subscribed on both a monthly and annual basis since issue 67. However it has now got to the stage where I have to ask myself can I afford it? I'll probably have to be content with cutting down on two or three issues per year and catching up on your offers.

Your reasons for increasing the cost [to individual issue orderers only] (20%!) are dubious to say the least. If my bank threatened to cut my market (and this price increase will) I'd look at other banks. There are many who charge for each credit as opposed to 25p per cheque. So maybe you should change banks. Also your reasons for adding another 25p on the cost are misleading and incorrect.The cost to subscribe for 12 issues is £30 regardless of whether that is paid on a monthly or annual basis. Neither subsidises the other. Whilst I do agree that annual subscribers should get discount (and indeed do now) you have only achieved this by increasing the cover price, not cutting the subscription rate.

To conclude, the cost of purchasing DWB has risen over 50% in less than a year (issue 102 cost £1.99) and in a time of recession, when inflation is less than 2%, a very costly decision. Not everyone can afford £30 at one go.
Publisher & Executive Editor Gary Leigh replies:
a)Issue 102 comprised 24 B&W pages whilst current issues have 28 pages, with 4 in colour. Over a full year, DWB now provides 336 pages (48 in colour) for a £30 cover price compared with 348 pages (24 in colour) for £29 in the year to DWB102 - hardly a massive price rise! DWB has held the £2.50 cover price (paid by both annual subscribers and shop purchasers) for 12 issues, and will continue to do so until at least November - an inflation beating 18 months!
b)Our bank, Barclays, maintains it has to charge per cheque due to the sheer quantity of cheques paid in - mostly made up of cheques from people who order on a monthly basis. The bank claims that to charge for each credit would lose them money, particularly as the cheques are for such small amounts. We have approached other banks who all say the same thing.
c)The interest earned from subscribers' £30/£35 banked in December accumulates sufficient funds to cover most postage costs for the following year - and an annual subscription requires less administration. Individual orders received day to day use up a far greater proportion of our time and resources, and it is only fair that this should be reflected in the recent increase to the people who choose this option.
d)DWB is the only monthly magazine I know of which offers its readers the option of ordering each issue on an individual basis.
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BARRY LETTS

To help mark DWB's tenth Anniversary, we wanted to interview the one person who has arguably contributed more than any other to Doctor Who's first thirty years. Associated with the series on and off since1967 as a director, producer, writer, executive producer and now radio writer, Barry Letts was the name that sprang instantly to mind. On May 5th this year Anthony Brown, Gary Leigh and Ian Levine met him at the BAFTA Centre in Piccadilly for a fascinating and exhaustive talk about his career.

Barry, how did your involvement in television begin?
Basically through radio, which is going back a long, long way. I was acting in rep at York, and at the local Leeds branch of BBC radio there was a producer/director by the name of Rex Tucker who was doing a half-hour programme about the reps, featuring extracts of plays and interviews with the actors and crews. I just happened to be playing a lead so I met him, and since I'd always wanted to get into radio I told him of my interest and I was soon working a lot with him in Leeds, travelling up from London. Then Rex moved to television, to Lime Grove, right at the beginning of children's television in 1950, and by this time I was in the York repertory company again. I had a week's holiday due to me and he asked me to be in his television production *Gunpowder Guy*, which was going to go out live on Guy Fawkes night with Patrick Troughton playing Guy Fawkes, and that was when I first met Patrick. We got on very well together; we used to sneak out into the fire escape to have a crafty fag. We were both heavy smokers in those days, in fact that's what killed Pat in the end because he only had one lung and he had a heart attack. I worked with him a lot after that, not just on DOCTOR WHO, and indeed before one of his earlier heart attacks he was going to play Quilp in The Curiosity Shop which I produced as a Classics Series, but he had to duck out after the filming and Trevor Peacock took over. He was a lovely man.

Did you eventually become disillusioned with being in front of the camera?
On the contrary, I loved acting, and every so often I get a yearning to go back to it, but I don't suppose I will again. It's just that I fell in love with directing, especially television. I'd directed in the theatre, but I always loved the idea of directing film. I'd always liked writing too and I got involved in writing for television very early on. The first thing I had anything to do with on screen was when I collaborated on one of the Richard Greene ROBIN HOODS.

Patrick Troughton & Jon Pertwee land at Pebble Mill to publicise The Three Doctors (BBC Video)

Do you get bored quickly in any one capacity?
No, I've never been bored in any of the things that I do. I just like to do whatever comes up. Having got into television as an actor in *Gunpowder Guy* in 1950, I did the odd thing here and there and in 1954 I did a Christmas show which Rex Tucker had written and had been going to direct but then found that it overlapped with his directing *The Three Musketeers*. So I auditioned for Shaun Sutton (who at that time was only an assistant director) after Rex had recommended me, and I played the lead in this show and that got me into television proper in early 1955. I loved acting in television but I got more and more interested in the directing side, and in 1960 I applied to do the BBC Director's Course and was turned down flat by the then Head of Drama, Michael Barry, who said, "Look, all actors think they can direct television. You haven't got enough experience of television, go away and be an actor," and I wrote to him saying, "I'm sorry but I'm determined to do this, even if it takes me ten years". In fact it took me six, and I took on board what he said and I got into acting for television when I was directing in the theatre. When I went back in 1965 he'd gone and I got in and did the course in the first three months of '67. I went on to do six months of the twice-weekly serials like NEWCOMERS and Z CARS, and I was then posted to do a DOCTOR WHO - *The Enemy of the World*.

I was never happy about what I did as a director on *The Enemy of the World* - I've seen the surviving episode, which is one of the dullest, and I think it's terrible. It was mostly my fault, but not entirely. For example, I had read-up on how to do split-screen (for the meeting of the Doctor and Salamander) which is to do it in the camera, so I said to the cameraman, "We'll need a matte box at the front and a camera that will reverse with a frame counter" and so on, and he sorted it all out and we did a couple of shots and then the bloody camera jammed and we weren't able to do all the lovely split-screen shots that I'd planned. I learnt later that, even in those days, the way it was done - even at the BBC - was to shoot the two sides of the shot separately and combine them in the optical printer, but nobody told me that and as a new director I didn't know. There was a lot of good stuff in that show but there was a lot of padding in the writing - all that stuff in the kitchen with Debbie [Watling] didn't mean anything at all. When I'd arrived I got the first draft script of all six episodes, which was written by David Whitaker, who I (incidentally) never met. He was an early DOCTOR WHO writer and one of the very best, but by the time he got to that one he had really played himself out as a writer on WHO (they had the same sort of trouble on *The Ambassadors of Death*, but that was before my time as producer because the scripts for that were done by the time I arrived). But the point is he was very late with the first draft script and it had lots of trouble with rewrites and so on. For example the Doctor and the others arrived on an Australian beach which was supposed to be a resort. Now how do you do an Australian beach resort in England with them running through crowds and all the rest of it - it was just impossible to do. So, on the basis of what the story became, I went to Innes Lloyd the producer - he was on the point of turning over to Peter [Bryant] - and suggested that we could soup it up by introducing a helicopter and maybe a hovercraft. That worked well, but in the studio I tried to be too ambitious and to do technically the sort of stuff we did later on in my era. I produced a running order to my production manager Martin Lisemore, and he said, "Look, Barry, from my experience as a production manager this isn't a running order for DOCTOR WHO, it's a running order for a WEDNESDAY PLAY. You'll need two days in the studio to do this - not an hour and a quarter in the evening

of one day! You'll have to simplify it". Martin, incidentally, was a senior production manager and went on to produce I, Claudius, and was later killed in a car crash coming home from Birmingham in the middle of the night (in fact it was as a consequence of that that Jonathan Powell came to the BBC to take over as producer of the classic serials). Anyway I did simplify it, quite considerably, but not enough, and the result was that I was desperately trying to do things like Frazer in the park on film walking into a shot in the studio. It was quite an important scene, but technically it took a hell of a lot of time to set up and I did a lot of stuff like that and so I was getting into trouble during the camera rehearsal, during the recordings and so on, and consequently I didn't have enough time to concentrate on the ordinary scenes. I'd just like to go back and do it all over again!

It's somewhat ironic that most of that story was junked during your time as producer of Doctor Who. Did anyone at any time ever approach you regarding destroying episodes?

No. The only time I was consulted was with *The Daemons* although it wasn't specifically for *The Daemons*. I had a memo saying 'Archives want to know if there is any show in the last season which you feel ought to go into the archives'. That was the way it was put, not 'Do you want to keep this?', and I replied suggesting *The Daemons* because I thought it was representative of so many different sides of Doctor Who. But they only kept one episode (4), don't ask me why. You can't blame them in a way because they didn't know that it was going to turn into a cult and go on and on and on. When I took over everybody assumed that it was highly likely that the first Jon Pertwee season would be the last and my brief from Shaun Sutton who was then head of the department was to see this season through, see how it went, but at the same time find something to replace Doctor Who for the Saturday afternoon slot. I thought of an idea and in fact got an actor interested. It was a sort of *Crocodile Dundee* idea which I called *Snowy Black*, about an Australian cowboy - an innocent abroad - coming to London and the messes he got into and how he always came out on top because of his innocence, just like *Crocodile Dundee*, though I think *Crocodile Dundee* was probably better than my idea would have been. We got to the point where we asked an actor, Mark Edwards, if he'd like to be considered for the part and he was very interested, but by the time that we were starting to talk about commissioning scripts there were signs that the new-look Doctor Who was going to work and so the idea was just allowed to die.

Top: The Pertwee family (Roger Delgado, Jon Pertwee, Katy Manning & Nicholas Courtney) - Terror of the Autons (BBC Video)
Left: Jon Pertwee, Barry Letts & friend.

Even though the ratings for *Inferno* fell to around five million?

Yes, but by that time it had the go-ahead for the second season. The reason the ratings sank was for the same reason they sank so disastrously on *The War Games* - because the stories were too long.

Who actually directed what on *Inferno*?

I'm pretty sure Duggie [Camfield] didn't actually direct from the gallery any of *Inferno*. He did the filming and then during the rehearsal for the first studio Duggie was really very poorly, but he was insisting on trying to keep going. He had a fluttering heart condition and he was so ill at that stage that he had to go into hospital. We thought he might die, but they found drugs to control it and we were all sworn to secrecy about what it was all about. His heart was beating at twice the normal speed and that's how he died years later, in his sleep, literally three days before he was supposed to join me to direct Prisoner of Zenda. I'd known Duggie as far back as when he was an assistant film editor. He came on attachment to serials as an AFM in 1958 on a Sunday classic called The Black Arrow in which I was playing the villain and I got to know him very well.

At which point were your own ideas for the series being implemented?

The second Pertwee season was the first set up exclusively by Terrance and me. We set up *Inferno* too and Terrance had been involved in the difficulties over *The Ambassadors of Death* which, by the time it reached the studio, had been taken away from David [Whitaker] and was written by Mac Hulke with assistance from Terrance to make it work. It had got bogged down and Derrick Sherwin had kept sending it back saying it doesn't work, until David didn't know whether he was coming or going and in the end he more or less said "I can't finish this". By the time I arrived the first three stories were all written but there was nothing for the last 7-parter. Don Houghton came to us with this idea which was thrashed out in script conferences between the three of us which became *Inferno*, but while all that was going on Terrance and I were also having really deep discussions about where we thought Doctor Who should go, the outcome of which was the eighth season.

A publicity shot of the production team believed to have been taken for Radio Times during pre-production of Inferno. Left to right: Elaine (Production Secretary), Sue Upton (Assistant), Sue Hedden (AFM), Barry Letts, unknown, Douglas Camfield, Terrance Dicks, Lance Wood (Technical Manager), John Barclay (Vision Mixer)

Was it a deliberate and conscious move to soften the edges and move it sightly back towards the family audience, including the changing of companion?

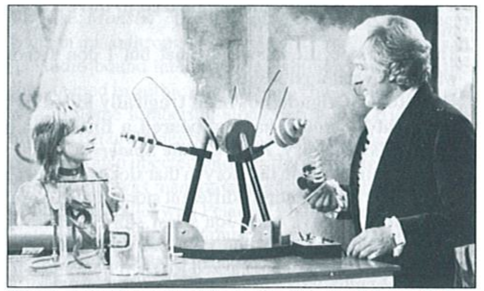
Yes and no. We knew from Audience Research that although more than 50% of the audience was adult, it included all ages, so we felt this should be reflected in the stories. But softening the edges? Well, think of the trouble we got ourselves into over *Terror of the Autons*. As for changing the companion, I liked Caroline (John) very much and I think she's a very good actress, in fact she played a part in *The Hound of the Baskervilles* which I produced. It was simply that we felt that the character of Liz was misconceived. One of the functions of the companion is to have things explained to them so that the audience could be explained to at the same time. To have a brilliant scientist working with the Doctor meant that they only had to say "Oh well of course it's only so and so...", but there were no explanations. She also became a rival to the Doctor - there were some interesting confrontations between them but it wasn't right, we felt, for the show as a whole. Also the younger part of the audience had lost somebody to identify with and we needed somebody who was younger, but at the same time I didn't want to go back to somebody who was just a screamer and who had no input into the story. So we very carefully took a great deal of trouble to work out first of all the character and casting of Jo Grant and then later on Sarah Jane Smith.

What were your criteria for selecting your writers and directors?

I would try to find new people, whether in casting or in the crew, but at the same time if people have worked for you in the past and have done a good job, not only is it good for the show to use them again but it's only fair to them to give them a continuity.

You also managed to direct a few stories during your tenure as producer, and one thing quite prevalent in your work is your use of extreme close-ups with very little background visible around the face. Was this a conscious technique?

Yes, where it was appropriate. When I joined as a director it was when Z Cars was at its peak. It started just before Doctor Who and had more or less revolutionized television directing in this country. They used far more close-ups, even to the point where, by the time I became a director, it had become a cliche. There were some directors who were given a chance to do a Z Cars and all they would do was an establishing shot and then go into big close-up followed by big-close up, big close-up...all the way through. It was ridiculous and spoilt it, and my approach - which I've tried to teach directors doing the director's course - is that a) you need variety, and b) you need to save close-ups for when you want to make a big point. In reaction to the Z Cars excess the plays department had retreated right back from that and showed whole scenes in wide shot, very beautifully composed tableaux but entirely undramatic. Both these approaches were wrong - it's horses for courses.



Were you pleased with your directorial work for Doctor Who given time and budgetary constraints?

Some of it. I sat down to look at the colourised version of *Terror of the Autons* the other day and I thought the whole of the first scene with Jo meeting the Doctor in the laboratory, and it sets on fire, was poor. It was a perfectly reasonable scene and Jon and Katy played it well but every shot was poor and the reason was lack of time. In rehearsal it worked, the cameraman and the actors were in the right positions and they weren't masked by that wretched framework supporting the dematerialisation circuit, but as it was shot they were all out of position and I had to take it as it was.

Which of your four complete seasons do you think worked best overall and you were happiest with?

It's impossible to say. With each one there's at least one story that I particularly like and one that I feel is awful for one reason or another. For example I thought the dinosaur one was a lovely story, very well written and acted - and the dinosaurs looked bloody awful!

Were there any stories you felt didn't work full stop or you wish had been handled differently?

To a large extent it didn't work like that. If Terrance and I committed ourselves to a story then we did our damnest, one way or another, to make sure it did work. If we felt that the writers hadn't come up to scratch then Terrance would do a job on it which was so far in excess of editing that it was really a rewrite. So consequently, by the time something got on the screen, it was more or less what we intended or hoped for. Obviously some worked better than others, but there weren't any that were an absolute disaster.

***Frontier in Space* was a potential classic tarnished by a ludicrous ending which appeared to have a scene missing.**

There is a specific answer to that but I don't know whether I want it published.

Had Roger Delgado not been tragically killed, is it true that he would have appeared a final time in Pertwee's last story, *Planet of the Spiders*?

He was going to be in the story in that slot, not *Planet of the Spiders* but an entirely different story. It also wasn't necessarily to have been Jon's last story because he hadn't decided to go at the stage we were discussing ideas for the last season. I asked Roger if he wanted the Master to continue or whether he wanted to go out in a blaze of glory, and he said "Oh, let's go out in a blaze of glory". We were planning for the Master to go up in a colossal super-nova explosion at the end, wiped out completely, full stop, and you never knew whether the Doctor had triumphed or whether the Master had really got the Doctor in his power at last and then couldn't bring himself to push the button and sacrificed himself rather than kill his old enemy/friend (if you remember we established in *The Sea Devils* that they had been friends when they were youngsters). We were trying to work out a story around that idea when Roger was killed.

Going back to Roger's first story, as you know I'm fascinated by technical things and new ways of doing things. On *Terror of the Autons* I used CSO (Chromakey) a lot. Michael Ferguson, who used it extensively on *Ambassadors of Death*, and I were equally fascinated by it and we worked together to try and find ways of doing new things. The BBC at that time had money coming out of its ears because all sorts of licences were coming in and they gave us studios for whole days to play around with CSO and to try things out. I asked Visual Effects, for example, to provide model houses and things like that and we would try putting actors into them. We had Margot Hayhoe, who was our AFM, walking into models and around the backs of models and so on whilst we worked out how to do it properly. In *Terror of the Autons*, the bit where the assistant Goodge (Andrew Staines) is diminished and put in a lunch box I was convinced would be easier to do on CSO. We first tried putting a piece of blue cloth in the bottom of the white lunch box and overlaying a high angle shot of the actor on a white floor. But it just seemed as if we were looking through a hole at the actor a long way away, so we tried having the actor sitting on the blue against the edge of the screen and this time although he looked like a tiny person he also looked like a cartoon character who had been painted on for the simple reason that there was no shadow because it was primitive CSO. As soon as we tried putting shadow in the whole thing broke up, we lost the overlay, so in the end we cut out a brown paper shadow which he sat on and that gave you enough to make him look as though he was sitting in the lunch box. The point is that two second shot took about one and a half to two hours preparation during the day and about twenty minutes to shoot at night, which was ridiculous! When they revived the shrinking idea later they used dolls instead but I just thought it would look more realistic to use actors. After that what I would do (and what I warned other directors to do because of that experience), was to leave the CSO shots to the end of the day and get the story in the can first, then get what CSO shots were needed to tell the story so that we didn't have to have remounts or anything like that. But it meant that the poor VFX and video effects people had to do it all in a frantic rush at the end of the day - those shots of the Drashigs [*Carnival of Monsters*] breaking through into the hold of the ship were done in the last ten minutes (9.50pm) and that led to all sorts of problems. In *Terror of the Autons* we actually ran out of filming time. We had some very quick shots of the Brigadier against some still photographs and the problem was that the person we sent out to take them used an ordinary miniature camera with a wide-angled lens which exaggerated the perspective and consequently gave away the fact that these were trick shots. We also ran into other trouble with CSO in *Terror of the Autons*. For example scenes on the bus where I used CSO in the background, we got reflections of blue in the chromium of the bus and of course it just disappeared, similar to the problem Chris Barry had with the Robot whose legs sometimes disappeared completely. But those shots had to be accepted because they just couldn't get around it - Chromakey is so sophisticated these days with multi-matte and so on, but back then we felt that we could get away with it to an extent on a thing like DOCTOR WHO which you couldn't get away with if you were trying to make it absolutely realistic. For example when I did GULLIVER in 1981 it had to be real. It wasn't fantasy, it wasn't SF it was supposed to be absolutely real and you had to really feel that they were six-inch high people in real backgrounds so the CSO had to be perfect. In *Claws of Axos* some scenes were shot against blue, and probably because the telecine machine broke down or something like that a background wasn't added. (In those days you couldn't add the background in post production, it had to be done simultaneously in the studio). It was something we thought we could get away with and pass as sky, which we certainly couldn't have got away with years later with yellow chromakey. You might remember some CSO shots on *Planet of the Spiders* that don't change perspective, again for the same reason that it was the last shot of the night.

You mentioned earlier that longer stories were to blame for flagging ratings, yet your era was dominated by six-parters. Did you want this?

Six-parters are okay, and indeed with *The Daemons* we had a five-parter which worked perfectly well, but we would like to have done all four-parters and at that time we couldn't really afford it. Basically the first episode is the expensive episode where you establish your monsters, costumes and sets and then you go on using them through the other episodes. The longer the serial the less it costs per episode, and that's largely why they made *The War Games* so long - because they'd run out of money. It's certainly more difficult to do a six-parter and we found that an awful lot of them that came in were written with nothing really happening in episode five; the story was more or less complete by the end of four and it just needed one more episode for the tying up. A lot of part fives - not necessarily on the screen but in terms of the scripts we got - were just people chasing through corridors, so we would say to writers, "Right, we'll do a six-parter, but it means that around about episode four or even in episode five you've got have a new element brought in which brings the whole thing to life again". Of course four-parters are easier to cope with and you get more stories per season, which is an advantage because if somebody doesn't like one story they've not got so long to wait to try again on the new one.

How difficult was it in those days to get an extension beyond the scheduled 10.00pm studio closure?

In the early days it was fairly easy and sometimes I had over-runs of 40 minutes. Mike Ferguson was a great one for over-running but it was endemic amongst directors in those days - if they could get away with it they would. Some directors would more or less plan for it and would just assume that if they got into trouble they would be able to go on. In the end it wasn't so much the money, it was the people who were working in the studio (the cameramen, the dressers...) day after day who said, "Look, this has got to stop. Officially we finish at 10.00pm, we do a long day's work from 9.00am-10.00pm - 10.30pm by the time we've cleared up - and it's just not good enough", and they quite rightly dug their heels in through the union who then dug their heels in with the producers and said, "This has got to stop. You can only have quarter of an hour and you've got to send memos to explain why you've got to have the overrun and there's got to be a bloody good reason". We also had to ask everyone in the studio if they were willing to stay on, and on GULLIVER it was approaching 10.00pm and I desperately needed to get a couple of shots, otherwise we weren't just going to have to remount but we were going to have to bring the whole set back into the studio the next day. Everybody was asked in good tine, at 9.30pm, and because just one dresser said no we couldn't do it. In *Planet of the Spiders*, a scene where the Doctor is in a corridor of the Spiders' palace had already over-run and we'd been allowed an extra half hour, but we had to stop at 10.30pm. We pushed and pushed and pushed and finally we got to the last shot of Jon walking down the corridor and going off around the corner away from the camera. He got half way down the corridor and the lights went out because it was exactly 10.30pm. I was down on the floor for the shot and I was so angry and I said to the technical co-ordinator, "What did you do that for, right in the middle of a shot? For God's sake it was about five seconds to finish the shot", and he said, "What are you talking about?" He didn't know because it had been done by the electricians on the floor!

You were responsible for commissioning four Dalek stories but never oversaw production of a Cyberman script. Were you avoiding them?

No, they just didn't come up. I think they might have been discussed when we did the Peladon stories but in the end of course we brought back the Ice Warriors. When they did come up eventually when we were planning Tom Baker's first season we said why not. Also for that season I had the idea for *Genesis of the Daleks*. We'd asked Terry Nation for another Dalek story and as usual he came along with it to talk it through and I said to him, "You do realise you've sold us this story three or four times?" It was a traditional Dalek story where you'd got an alien planet and an alien race and they'd got to get to a particular place at a certain time and the two parties split up. Very Terry Nation - it goes back to the first Dalek story! So I said, "Why don't you do something entirely different? For example it's never been explained precisely where the Daleks came from - why don't you show us the genesis of the Daleks?" He agreed that it was a good idea, went away and came back with a nice script. On the whole the Daleks weren't popular with writers. When we eventually brought them back Terry was busy writing and script editing THE PERSUADERS down at Pinewood so we asked Louis Marks to write a Dalek story [*Day of the Daleks*]. They weren't an addition at a late stage as has been suggested, but what may have happened is that Louis suggested doing a time travel story and we may have asked him to make it a Dalek story. The Daleks also weren't popular with directors and producers for the simple reason that they were so limited and consequently the stories started looking very much the same and the audience got bored. In the early days they were such a success they kept bringing them back, and if you look at the audience figures for Dalek stories they start enormously and then decline, so they were eventually dropped and as far as we were concerned they were gone forever. For Jon's first season no-one even thought of them, and by the time we were into the second season people started saying to us "You never seem to do the Daleks these days". Then one day we were talking to the BBC Managing Director Huw Wheldon and he said, "There were only two shows that had to be seen in the Wheldon household - MATCH OF THE DAY and DOCTOR WHO". He actually said to us at some departmental meeting, "Why don't you bring the Daleks back", so that's where it started.

NEXT ISSUE: For the first time, the complete picture on the casting of the fourth Doctor, plus Barry talks about his involvement with the Tom Baker era, MOONBASE THREE, Paradise of Death, and the future of DOCTOR WHO...

A CARNIVAL OF CSO

The reaction to DWB's Terror of the Autons review highlighted the gap which has developed between those sections of fandom to whom the Pertwee era remains almost beyond criticism, and the significant minority for whom it has become "a favourite joke". In an attempt to bridge the chasm of understanding seperating these two opinions, we asked two writers to explain why they like, and dislike, the Pertwee era...

SCARY MONSTERS and SUPER CREEPS

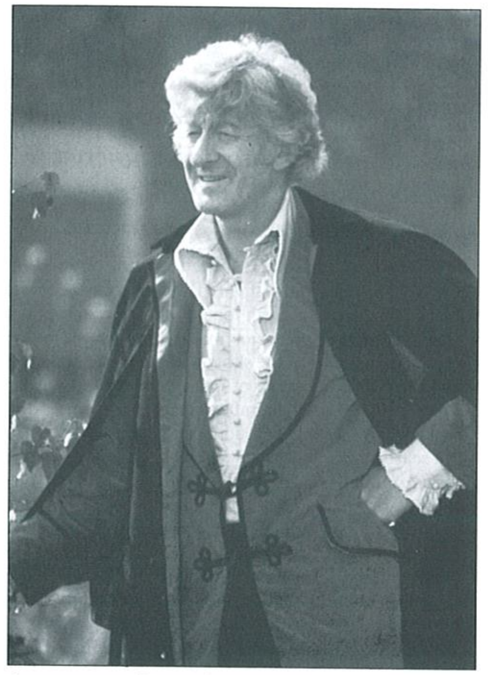
PERTWEE's Doctor landed on Earth and immediately fell flat on his face. "Ha ha. Yes very funny. Very funny." It's quite appropriate that Jon Pertwee should highlight this moment of slapstick from his very first adventure, *Spearhead from Space,* as it marks simultaneously an element of humorous continuity with the impish antics of his illustrious predecessor in the role, and is also virtually the curtain call on such burlesque behaviour. Patrick Troughton had scampered mischievously through three years of comedy/horror - a combination of styles that had comfortably blended fear with farce and secured the lead actor a position in television history and children's hearts that could never be diminished. Troughton's portrayal breathed genius into what had previously been an entertaining but unfocussed kids' programme. People tended to remember the Daleks more than the title character. Troughton changed all that. His Doctor was a delightful parody; the village idiot with a fierce intelligence, a meddlesome pixie whose heart dominated his head. Stark horror collided chaotically with manic whimsy. And then the clown was gone. In his place materialized the action hero. A genteel wizard who dabbled in science instead of magic, a king of alien karate who would rather mess with the monsters than take to his heels at the first whiff of extraterrestrial malice. The seventies had arrived.

It was just as well Pertwee (along with his producers and script writer) decided to dispense with high comedy in his interpretation of the role. It would have been an enormous mistake to try and follow in Troughton's unforgettable footsteps. Change was needed. The new decade ushered in not only colour, but a new realism to mirror the seventies' blossoming fetish with hard hitting drama and increasing preoccupation with redressing the rampant idealism of the sixties. Season seven steamrollered remorselessly over the whimsy of the preceding year. Never has a new decade of DOCTOR WHO been unveiled with such downbeat, oppressive pessimism in the history of the show. "This is our new Doctor? This is our new programme?" we gasped unbelievingly, shuddering under the merciless onslaught of so much grim horror. *Spearhead* had humanity supplanted by murderous automatons, people replaced by plastic in a chilling factory of death. In *Doctor Who and the Silurians* mankind's selfishness was bared; a society that would not share. *The Ambassadors of Death* exposed the real reason behind this - we hate and fear what we don't understand. Kill 'em before they contaminate us. Pretty frightening stuff, especially when viewed in today's increasingly unaccommodating climate. But if these stories warned of a deterioration of the state of humanity, the season's grand finale sounded its death knell. When the tide of lava rolled over our anti-heroes in *Inferno's* twist dimension we were witnessing not only the end of the Brigade Leader and Section Leader Shaw but also of the programme as we had come to know it. Change was in the air yet again. The dawn of the seventies had heralded a rising awareness of the growing menace caused by industrial pollution, and of the dangers inherent in uncontrolled and irresponsible technological progress. Derrick Sherwin and Barry Letts had their fingers on the contemporary pulse; they highlighted these fears and uncertainties as the public began to question the rampant industrialization raping the natural environment. Ugly industrial complexes raised their forbidding heads throughout season seven, and beyond. But whereas doom and gloom had definitely been the order of the day throughout 1970, new avenues of terror and drama were about to be explored as Pertwee threw himself whole-heartedly into his second season. Season eight is best summarised as James Bond on acid. Fast action stunts coincide with weird backdrops and grotesque story lines to produce one of the most visually impressive and innovative slices of the show's history. The stories are spiced with surreal and horrifying moments, from the CS0 distorted video nasty that is *Terror of the Autons* - where the abundance of shaky CS0 adds to the unnerving disorientation of the story - to the psychedelic freakshow of *The Claws of Axos*. The latter is a bad trip magic mushroom meltdown of truly mind-boggling proportions: just look at the acid haze set design, lighting and camerawork that provokes dislocation in the viewer. From the opening moments depicting the Axon monsters' 'rave party' as their horrific living abomination of a ship hurtles towards our fair Earth to the dashes of sheer irresistible absurdity at the story's climax as cap gun firing squaddies battle it out with shuffling bags of tentacles, this is a spectacle of grotesquery that remains an experimental milestone. *The Mind of Evil* brought us slamming down to earth in a temporary retreat to the gritty concrete terror of season seven. A powerful concept nicked from *A Clockwork Orange* gave this tale some real teeth. Thought provoking and disturbing, this six parter bowled along like a sci-fi *The Sweeney* with its Prison riots and gun happy blast away violence, while darker undertones bubbled away beneath the grappling hook action; the reduction of a vicious criminal to a state of near idiocy by the detraction of his innate evil is a monstrous idea. *Colony in Space* is a bit of a let down, coming as it does after the full tilt horrors of the preceding three stories. It also hints at things to come in seasons nine, ten and eleven, where alien marauders shambling through industrial nightmares in contemporary settings were pushed more to one side in favour of cosmic meanderings and space opera, formats that arguably didn't suit Pertwee's Doctor or the style of programme he had forged along with Letts, Dicks and Sherwin. Nevertheless Roger Delgado was on hand to provide a magnificent villain, and the Doomsday Weapon atrophying an entire civilization is an arresting idea. Delgado and Pertwee were the perfect double act. Pertwee was always forced to work harder in his scenes with Roger's spellbinding Master, and as a result their confrontations spark with wit and dramatic tension. Their competitive banter always pumped fresh air into stories which were beginning to show signs of six part jet lag, such as *The Time Monster* or *Frontier in Space*. Delgado was an ultra-villain for the seventies, well matched against Pertwee's comic strip hero. Scary monsters and super creeps, the Pertwee era had them all. And there's never been a better-super creep than Delgado's Master. He's Milton's Satan, the serpent with the gilded tongue; the attractive face of evil. The man of a thousand faces who can slip in and out of simulated characters as easily as his mood can slide from beguiling charm to vicious cruelty. His introduction in *The Daemons* as the Reverend Magister is one of the best sustained jokes in the series. Ah yes, *The Daemons*... much hyped, much loved, season eight's finale brought the scary monsters out of the shadows for all to see. Motor-bikes and gargoyles, morris dancers and horned beasts: irresistible combinations. See Pertwee straddle the Super-Spy thriller and Devil Movie genres and come out dancing.

Season nine, and a multitude of possible directions for the programme to take. Which way should the production team go now? Into space, into the past, the future, or just stay in the tried and trusted present of good old Earth? Why not try all of them? This haphazard approach breaks the invasion Earth mould and the resulting colourful variety of scenarios manages to smash the accepted parameters of the show without losing too much of the established sense of menace of earlier seasons. Later Pertwee seasons unfortunately lost some of the wonder arising from this sudden branching of the roads, but season nine abounded with fresh ideas. *The Curse of Peladon* reintroduces the Ice Warriors with the neat twist of revealing them to be almost amiable for once, although this ultimately disappoints after the initial surprise. *Monster of Peladon* thankfully brought them back on misanthropic, malevolent form. *Curse* revels in its studio bound interiors; the lighting is subdued, the sets steeped in gothic atmosphere. The Ice Warriors are well at home lumbering along eerily lit corridors and tunnels. Brian Hayles being Brian Hayles, a healthy dose politics is also injected into this florid menagerie. At the time the UK was manoeuvering for entry into the EEC, a political parallel with Peladon's bumpy union with the Galactic Federation that must have been lost to a generation of kids gaping at the slew of freaks paraded in this gripping whodunnit. Recent events regarding Maastricht have prevented *Curse* from dating, the situation being as relevant today as it was then. Likewise *The Monster of Peladon*, where Hayles' biting exposure of conditions suffered by the coal workers of the seventies has become unfortunately pertinent once more as miners are slung onto the dole heaps by a faceless establishment. Hayles admirably resisted the opportunity to criticise the strike-born power cuts that had interfered with *Curse*'s original transmission, concentrating on the exploitation that had caused the industrial action in the first place. Okay so Ettis was clearly inspired by Arthur Scargill, and was painted with a little cheeky excessiveness but his manic zeal was motivated by the desire to improve conditions for his fellow workers, and as such was only misguided in his methods rather than his goals, whereas Azaxyr was an undiluted villain.

Boy, does *Day of the Daleks* comes in for some stick. Admittedly it trundles over shaky ground by having three Daleks invade Earth, but that's forgetting the undeniable impact of the Ogrons, genuinely menacing monster henchmen to the evil Brains role played by Terry Nation's finest. The Ogrons are glowering brutes armed with futuristic blasters - an incongruity in itself - and are perfect allies to the abrasive dustbins with their thuggish philosophy of violence and their stooge accents. The setting for future Earth is an evocative backdrop for the story - neglected tower blocks rearing out of an overgrown wilderness. The real shock given to the viewer by *Day* is undoubtedly how crap the Daleks look and sound since their last appearance in the gothic majesty of *Evil*, where their menace was suitably suggested by cloaking their gliding presence in shadows. The Daleks are not suited to colour, apart from their depiction in the death cartoon of *Revelation* where they sit quite happily with all the mad cap Hanna Barbara horror. *Death to the Daleks* and *Planet of the Daleks* fail for similar reasons, although the former is boosted by the inspired addition of the wheezing electronic root which is a welcome return trip to the heady days of *The Chase* and its Marvel Comics Mechanoids vs Daleks scenario. The Daleks are always in their element when having a rumble with indigenous alien hostiles. *Planet* on the other hand is devoid of any redeeming features; it's a case of Terry Nation leaving his imagination out on the doorstep. It's Barry Letts and David Maloney on a bad day.

Outbreaks of wanton CSO tend to dominate the Pertwee era. In fact it positively ODs on the effect. *Terror of the Autons* is, as mentioned before, a case in point, but one where I believe the story gained from the jarring saturation of disjointed images. That something so mundane as the interior of a telephone kiosk or the inside of a factory



becomes transformed into an unsettling, almost alien environment does much to aid the surreal attraction of the story. Everything is twisted disconcertingly out of true. The migraine bright images of a sparkling, slightly shifting CSO radio tower collide with the spiteful reversal of the spring motif in the story to provide a daylight nightmare where the cheerful hues of the death-dealing daffodils and jovial colour of the smiley-headed Autons become imbued with real nastiness. *Carnival of Monsters* also benefits from a gaudy glut of CSO, the bizarre ramblings of the Doctor and Jo through a machine the size of a milk churn in which giant toothy caterpillars gnash and lurk providing an ambitious spangled romp treading lighter waters before the more straight-laced cosmic zoo that is *Frontier in Space*. *Claws of Axos* positively gloats over its surrealistic outburst of CSO and video disc anarchy. *Claws* is also a perfect example of the necessity of viewing the Pertwee era in context in order to experience the true effect of these early seventies stories. At the time it was broadcast, this shambling horror show jarred the nerves of a generation of young viewers, at whom it was specifically aimed. In 1971 the Black Panther was still on the loose, and I have distinct memories of being alone in the house with a childhood friend, caught between the real life horrors of the news broadcasts and this tentacle-thrashing, garish nightmare of televisual fiction. If we stepped outside, the Panther would surely strangle us and shove our corpses down a sewage tunnel. Staying inside meant a close encounter with spaghetti monsters who squeezed out of walls to get at you... Taken in context, Barry Letts' liberal didacticism heralded an early form of social awareness through the medium of television that Doctor Who steadfastly steered clear of in later years. The producer's and script writers' politics of the time might seem a little wishy washy from a nineties viewpoint, but to a contemporary audience, the provocative validity of their statements and the programme's representation of them were undeniable. *The Green Death* predated today's green concerns by twenty years. Okay, so watch it today and you might find it easier to laugh at the silly fly than appreciate the originality of its issues, but those disgusting maggots really wriggled under the skin of the show's 1973 audience and brought home the disturbing message to greater effect as a result. *The Green Death* unfortunately brought with it the departure of the much-missed Katy Manning. Jo was a loveable lamebrain equipped with the latest Top of the Pops fashions. She was always ready to throw herself into danger with a refreshing headlong quality that made her a fully three dimensional character. And then Barry had to go and ruin it all in season eleven by introducing a certain Smith woman, whose presence threatens to shatter the suspense and drama of every story she whinges through, before Jon realized enough was enough and wisely dumped her on Tom Baker. A figurehead for a new feminist age? No, merely a cypher who would spout hollow sounding Women's Lib rhetoric one minute before making a shrieking giddy fuss over spraining her ankle the next. But one silly slip in five years is something I'm sure we can all forgive Mister Letts.

Season ten saw the beginning of the end for the Brig's bunch of gun happy UNIT boys, as we saw them skirmish with bubble wrap blobs and blaze away at nauseating condoms. *The Three Doctors* and *The Green Death* display all the lunatic gusto I associate with UNIT's attempts to defend Earth from the latest slew of alien grotesqueries, who receive a clip of blanks in their lurid latex hides at the merest twitch of a tentacle. Absurd yes, but innocuously and entertainingly so, and a million miles away from the sort of imperialist and fascistic nonsense that informs the marine moronics of *Aliens*, where a mob of right wing bigots blast off into space itching to kick alien ass. Absurdity seems to have played rather a marked role throughout much of the later Pertwee seasons, with Letts and Dicks never shy of mixing the drama with a little self referential self mockery, *The Time Warrior* and *Planet of the Spiders* being two cases in point. The idea of the Brigadier going to a music hall with the Doctor to watch stand up comics would have been unthinkable in season eight. But it displays in a light-hearted manner the fond feeling of kinship between the two wildly contrasting characters which is nicely appropriate for Pertwee's final fling with the series.

The Pertwee family was not confined to the Doctor, Jo, and the UNIT fraternity alone, rather it included its contemporary audience under its familial cloak. We all sat down for tea together to watch Jon, Katy, Roger and the boys go through their entertaining paces. We sat with Benton and Yates in the Cloven Hoof, we were there with Jo as she ran through the pulsing organic throat of Axos, we shared the Brig's exasperation with the Doctor and laughed along with the Time Lord as he pricked the pomposity of the military man. Those who weren't around at the time have good cause to feel excluded from all the fun, and to perhaps develop a certain rancour towards the extravagant praise this period has deservedly won. To these people I can only say this: the Pertwee era was a great party. Sorry you missed it.

Mike Lewis

Above: The man himself - Jon Pertwee (Day of the Daleks - BBC Video)
Opposite: Venusian Karate - Jon Pertwee, Elisabeth Sladen & Kevin Lindsey as Linx (The Time Warrior - BBC Video)

Dissent is Good

***Paul Cornell** comments on the furore his Terror of the Autons review provoked...*

VARIOUS PEOPLE wrote into DWB concerning my *Terror of the Autons* review. Some of them suspected that I was doing a deliberate wind-up, trying to make them angry. Some were annoyed at my politics, and some were annoyed at me using political terms at all. Some simply disagreed with my point of view.

I have no quarrel at all with this last group. Indeed, I was pleased by the correspondent who took me on, point by point, and expressed his critical perspective on the story in a considered manner. That's what we should be aiming at, I think. The root cause of all this is that I really have very little of what you'd call an opinion concerning *Terror of the Autons* at all. It was a television programme that happened once. That's about it. If you examined all the reviews of the story that had ever been published in the fan press, then you'd probably find many, many, of the same topics covered again and again. The results of such a survey would come out something like: Pertwee 'family': 80%; Qualities of Roger Delgado as actor: 70%; Changes in format from previous season: 60%

And the list goes on. Now the point of a review is not to prop up an already accepted notion of what a particular drama is about. You'd actually be bored silly by me going through the motions of all that again. The point of a review is to find different angles, different things to talk about. I did that by using some aspects of Marxist criticism, and by noticing some new things concerning the authorship of the piece. Such things are accepted in literary criticism. What would the reaction have been if I'd done a Freudian critique?

I have no time at all for those who don't believe there's a place for politics in DWB. There is, always has been, and always will be, because every conscious act is a political act. Which newspaper you buy, which channel you watch, whether or not you enjoyed the ST:TNG story *The High Ground*. Suggesting that political comment not be allowed is to say that we must keep to the accepted critical viewpoints, and to the illusion of consensus which DWB readers so seem to enjoy. That illusion particularly irritates me.

That letter that began "let me tell you a few facts" appalled me as much as it made me laugh. The writer equated his own opinions with facts, simply because he'd heard the same opinions stated so many times. And the way he ticked off "there are no turkeys in the Pertwee era", like there was a UN commission somewhere solemnly stating 'yes, that story's a turkey, that one's a classic". How ridiculous. One fan I know, somebody who's mentally handicapped, finds great comfort in the repetition of facts from the series. He says things like "There were Cybermats in *Tomb of the Cybermen*, but not in *Attack of the Cybermen*. This is something he can be sure of in an uncertain world. I suspect the same syndrome is in operation when fanboys write into Andrew Pixley at DWM, asking questions they already know the answers to. They need to know that they belong to an exclusive club and that they all believe much the same things. They're wrong.

Somebody stood up in a meeting at my radio station the other day, and said: "but surely, there's a central body of music that everybody likes'. He was noisily disagreed with. Thank goodness. I get the feeling that some of DWB's readers would like to think that there is a central body of Doctor Who that everybody likes. That isn't true. But DWB's poll contributes to this, as the weighting ensures that nothing new can dent the status quo, and we get a situation where people who express dissident opinions, not about anything important like terrorism or imperialism or brainwashing, but about an ancient TV show, are shouted down and derided. We get a consensus that is maintained artificially.

So, ask yourself, why do you care what position I take up concerning *Terror of the Autons? Terror of the Autons? Terror of the Autons* is not your mother. The reason you reacted so badly is that if this little bit of your worldview isn't true, maybe the rest isn't either. I just have a horrible feeling that, in this area, as in so many others, dissent is being more and more frowned upon. That's why I sometimes take up critical points of view that are widely unpopular, to show that someone can still do it, to give a bit of heart to people who genuinely think different thoughts to the majority. It's a mark of sanity that to argue strongly and well for a point that you absolutely disagree with. Try it. Can you manage it - and can you live with what the rest of the herd might think of you?

Dissent is good. Dissent is beautiful. Try it.

Paul Cornell

Hai! Anxiety

IT HAS BEEN brought to my attention that there are still some people out there who consider the stories from *Spearhead from Space* to be not only competent pieces of television, not only watchable Doctor Who, but the best that the series has to offer.

Some remedial reading is clearly in order.

As someone who has seen pretty much everything there is to be seen, I can say with some conviction that this period, with a few honourable exceptions, is a disaster. Don't get me wrong: I love the Pertwee era - I just don't like it much, that's all.

Most periods of the show's history have their embarrassments but only Barry Letts' team and the lae-Saward period (*Pip and Jane's Laugh-In*) woe these into the fabric of the stories. Many periods have produced stories which just aren't Doctor Who (many of my favourites could be argued to be examples) but only these five seasons vigourously contradict the ethos of the programme as demonstrated - or simply assumed - before and afterwards. The failings fall into three main groupings: conceptual, aesthetic and (most damningly, considering Letts' ambitions) morally.

As many of you will recall, Doctor Who is usually described as a "family adventure series" and "an adventure in time and space". In this period both assertions were wrong. For the only point in its history the series was conceived and made to appeal exclusively to ten year old boys. As a ten year old boy myself at the time of *Frontier in Space* I didn't really notice this until talking to women who'd been avid fans of the B&W stories and rejoined with season twelve. In other eras the stunt/action sequences grew organically out of the story but the advent of Havoc made them set-pieces for their own sake. The UNIT set-up and emphasis on Earth-bound stories was not Letts' doing but his use of it was often lazy and cynical.

Compare *The Silurians* (conceived under Derrick Sherwin's aegis) to *The Sea Devils*. All the characters in the original, human or not, have a viewpoint. The drama comes from the conflict of equally valid claims and the measures which different factions take to ensure that their views prevail. Such drama as there is in *The Sea Devils* is what will explode next. The aliens are now monsters, largely incapable of speech, and capable of being manipulated by the Master's joystick like Sonic the Hedgehog. The Master himself is simply sold to us (and the Doctor) as the new villain who has to be stopped because, well, because he's bad. We know he's bad because the Doctor says so - never once does he get the chance to explain his rather petty ambitions (which, let's be honest, amount to killing Pertwee and wearing a nice suit). Like THRUSH, he's usually a means for a writer to jusify a novelty item at the start of the story (alien-invasion-of-the-month, the Fear-Box, the Devil come down to Ambridge…) In the case of *The Sea Devils* his presence (in a prison with swords on the walls) is doubly token as he and the ostensible monsters are just there to excuse a six-week Navy recruitment promo in which the real star is the hardware. The machismo element of having a secret military organisation to fight monsters,

like a Gerry Anderson series without the effects, only underscores the irritating moralising (more on this later).

Surely the whole point of Doctor Who - from the BBC hierarchy's point of view as well as the viewers - is that it gives the public something they can't see on any other programme. The whole point of Letts' Doctor Who-surrogate and Pertwee's Doctor is that they are in keeping with all the other adventure/horror series then available. The stories are Avengers/Quatermass knock-offs starring an establishment-figure Jason King-John Steed-Spock and a military buffoon of the kind that Quatermass and more currently Doomwatch said were the enemy within. No sooner does Letts get total control over the series than Lethbridge-Stewart becomes 'the Brigadier', a cardboard cut-out who bombs everything and thinks alien planets are Cromer. Together with the dashing-but-sensitive (it says here) Captain Yates we have adebating-by-numbers set-up to air the Big Issues exactly like the stage-managed debates of Star Trek.

Ah yes, Spock. The use of the word 'Venusian' for a form of martial arts doesn't disguise the fact that the Doctor is willing and able to injure, paralyse and kill as a first resort. He can shoot an Ogron at point-blank range, commit genocide and then turn around and spout half-digested Buddhism (yet is punctilious about labels and berates Benton for getting names wrong). Nor does 'Venusian lullabye' disguise the Vulcan mind-meld. By adding a supposedly mystical element, culminaing in a reunion with his guru (who, disappointingly, doesn't call him "Grasshopper") the violent and paternalistic strutting of the protagonist and the series are simply highlighted, ot ameliorated. It doesn't gel, as a character or a format for any series, let alone Doctor Who. How can such a rampant egoist be credible talking about meditation? The ncessant use of gadgetry and technology sits ill with stories about metaphysics.

There is a still less creditable aspect to the Doctor's use of violence. The plots are often rearranged in order to set up a fight scene. The story is put on hold until Pertwee has spent ten minutes driving some exotic vehicle and getting captured, whereupon he will shout "HAI!" and beat the pus out of a large number of security guards before delivering some attempted witticisms. We all knew he'd get out of it, and how he'd do it, so dramatically it's redundant. (But then, as we know that the story will end with some big scientific complex exploding the whole story is a bit of a formality.) Like the sermon at the end and the jokes about Benton being thick and the Master's lousy disguises it's all part of a variety-show pretending to be Who.

Letts was sufficently worried about the programme's past to contemplateredoing the theme tune (the notorious 'noing-dedoing' version heard in Australia) and ditching the Police Box disguise, if not the TARDIS per se. The recent release of the colourised *Terror of the Autons* shows how the series might have developed had Letts not been hamstrung by the Doctor Who format but given an entirely new series to play with. It's gaudy, it's unapologetically artificial and things explode every five minutes. I love it. As I said in *The Frame* about five years ago this is as close as it gets to looking like the Frank Bellamy *Radio Times* illustrations. The naff CSO and the shrill music work to its advantage. If we look at why this story and three others work this way (*Inferno, The Mind of Evil, Invasion of the Dinosaurs*) and why a couple manage to fit in AND be Doctor Who (*Carnival of Monsters, The Green Death*) whilst so many others simply look shoddy and fail to engage the viewer, its the mismatch of style and script. *Planet of the Daleks* thinks it's being very tense and atmospheric but the lurid sets and sheer length get between us and Jo, so we don't care that she's in a bad way (episode three, which is monochrome, is quite exciting even though nothing actually happens. Is it only the lack of dayglo that renders it less painful or the comparative absence of the Doctor and Jo from the plot?) *The Mutants* is a neat idea, under all the Bob and Dave cliches, but can't work when having to fill six episodes with chases, monsters and saturated colour. Any one of the six-parters could have stopped at any point before they do, since the endings are always simple explosions and everything after part two is stalling.

The stories which can function as live-action comics are the ones which have enough story (as opposed to plot) to squeeze out the running around, getting captured, escaping, running around abit more which characterises most Pertwee yarns. If we consider the instances of Letts indulging Pertwee, a pattern emerges. In the middle of *Day of the Daleks* the Doctor and Jo find a Honda trike and so run away from the Ogrons and jump aboard. It starts first time but its engine makes a silly peeping noise. Half the episode seems to go, unexcitingly, until they are recaptured and we go back to the plot. *Planet of the Spiders* goes one worse since every conceivable vehicle is worked into a very dull chase which, as the Spider can teleport Lupton to Metebelis any time from grabbing the crystal onwards, was a total waste of time.

The stories that **do** get a crack on are cheerfully amoral. We are assumed to be smart enough to get the idea from what happens, rather than what the Doctor tells us in the moral. But most Pertwee stories, instead of creating a free-standing story from which we are invited to draw our own conclusions (as the writers of black and white stories had done) ram the 'point' down our throat in a manner that even Trekkers of my acquaintance find galling. It is only in relation to the Big Issues that the stories and characters can function. The characters are mouthpieces (I know I said *The Silurians* scored because of this, but they were characters with attitudes, not attitudes incarnated as plot functions as in *Death to the Daleks* or *The Mutants,* to name but two.) Knee-jerk characterisation is endemic in UNIT but also in pinstriped stuffed shirts with no purpose but to give Pertwee someone to shout at and hold up the plot between explosions.

The morals we are fed are themselves questionable. War is not some glorious game, we are told in the 'tutorial on courage' that is *Planet of the Daleks*, but what else is *The Sea Devils* but an attempt to glamourise the Navy? Xenophobia is ignorance (*Ambassadors of Death*) but every alien is an invasion fleet. Curiousity for its own sake is bad (*Inferno, Planet of the Spiders*) but science is always good and value-free (*The Daemons*). The 'adventure' elements, the gee-whizzery and explosions and car chases, are there to suger-coat these, rather than intregrating them into the story at a basic level (as Malcolm Hulke managed to do). Thus violence, rather than having consequences, is something to keep the kids watching and doesn't matter to the characters. Yates and Benton always recover by the end of the story, death is by hygenic zap-guns and is painless. (Once again, season seven and the works of Hulke and Holmes are honourable exceptions. The Nestenes' horror-comic deaths are campy but the victims have friends or next-of-kin. Once characters are injured in *Ambassadors* they're out of the story. Contrast that to Yates and Benton's miraculous recoveries in *The Mind of Evil.*)

I imagine many of you are preparing to defend this period on the following grounds: 1)the ratings were good; 2)it was great *at the time* and 3)at least he wasn't scottish. The third I will have to concede but look at the series in the context of when it was made. BBC1 had a formidable Saturday-night line-up in which every element was a well planned link. From Grandstand to Parkinson the content was familiar, tested, reliable. They could have put on the test card for twenty minutes and still have had five million viewers. Letts, like John Nathan-Turner later on, could stage manage the publicity for the series brilliantly, with tantalising hints in the *Radio Times* and appearances on Nationwide and, again like JNT at his lowest ebb, made the content of the programme as a justification for the publicity stunts. The trappings might change but you always knew what you were getting - in strict contrast to the policies of Lambert, Wiles, Lloyd or Hinchcliffe. It was safe, predictable and cosy - everything the series was supposed to avoid being.

Tat Wood

Paul Bernard

Three of the most memorable Pertwee stories were directed by Paul Bernard, a multi-talented individual whose telefantasy credits also encompass The Avengers, The Tomorrow People and the little known R3. DWB spoke to him late last month…

How did you get into television. You started as a designer…
I got involved in television via filming and theatre. My career started in the film industry, which like it perpetually is was in the doldrums, and I was eventually advised by my mentors to serve a time in the theatre whilst the film industry picked itself up - this was circa 1951 to '52. I served a time between late 51 to late 58 in various degrees in the theatre, climbing the ladder till I was getting productions into the West End and major repertory companies, and working for people like Emile Littler, who was the Andrew Lloyd Webber of that time - which led to Granada inviting me to become a designer, and in September 58 I joined them in Manchester. They'd been going for two years, and were just beginning to get themselves together. The area I wanted to work in, the drama side, was parallel to ABC, who were getting themselves really charged up into Armchair Theatre. Granada were doing the best ITV drama series outside of that - the BBC were waking up to it and beginning to get themselves together with their drama, but Granada were just running a narrow second to Armchair Theatre. They brought over really top class Canadian directors, which ABC took advantage of as well, like Alvin Rakoff, Silvio Narizanno - a whole run of top quality directors who brought in new and exciting plays... and I joined that realm as a designer.

How did this period help your becoming a director?
Well, suddenly I was in Manchester, being paid a salary [rather than freelancing] - and I didn't enjoy it. I clashed with two people - the Head of Construction, who operated a veto on the details in the designs and Sydney Bernstein himself who supported him. The situation became intolerable and intimidating. It was of course in real terms about saving money. Eventually I had a confrontation with Sydney as a result of his sacking the Head of Design, Tom Spaulding, another one of the Canadian infiltrators, who I absolutely adored and who was the man who brought me into television. So I supported him and tried a coup to bring about his return, and, with the rest of the design department, I said that we would not work until this man was reinstated. But when I turned round to say "Forward!", my fellow designers backed off and I was left alone to resign.

The problem was, there really wasn't, at that time, any such animal as the 'freelance television designer.' ITV companies didn't employ them, and the BBC did it only in very restricted numbers, although there were theatre designers who did the occasional television play - principally adaptations from the stage to the box. So Sydney said "You'll be back in six months begging for your job back." I half went back to the theatre at first, but I found myself being invited to design, first by the BBC in Manchester, and then by ABC at Didsbury, which is also in Manchester, doing Armchair Theatres up there... and then both in turn invited me down to London to do various productions. I worked at an incredible pace. In one year I did thirty-five hours of single drama as a designer, which I'm sure has never been bettered, and it certainly wasn't equalled at the time. The only way I did that was that I worked for so many different companies and they each gave me an assistant, so I was able to operate by giving the assistant all the groundwork and giving instructions, and then I'd get in the car and go to the next port of call. So I won a reputation for coming up with the goods as quick as greased lightning, and being co-operative and thinking like a director.

You did some episodes of The Avengers in this period...
I did. At ABC, having come down from Didsbury, it was one of the first things I got given, without knowing it was going to be worth anything. I joined it before it actually existed when people were talking about the fact that Ian Hendry was on a contract - he was one of those rare animals in those day, he was on an Actor Contract, which don't exist now - and he had six months to go, and somebody had decided to get rid of Police Surgeon. So I was asked would I attend a meeting with Leonard White, John Bryce and directors like Kim Mills and Don Leaver... in an open meeting to discuss a possible series, and how we could use Ian Hendry. We sat round a table and discussed a formula amongst ourselves, and I was charged to go away and come up with a list of environments that were exciting to the writers and exciting visually. I went away and came up with the obvious ones, you know... circus, opera… I remember I decided on a French bakery, so there'd be a punch-up in the vats and the dough and with the ovens - things like that. And I went back and gave them to the writers, who selected [ones they'd like to do], and off they went. Using designers like this was absolutely uncommon for the time, and the initiative for this came from Leonard White - "Let's do something different". And Bryce was saying "We've got to create new visions... dresses and costumes"... because it was in black and white remember, which was a handicap. We didn't have the advantage of colour.

I think overall I kept with it for a year and a half, but all the while I was moving in what was thought to be higher strata, getting bigger plays, more important productions…

And soon after you became a director?
Yes. In 1962 the BBC won their BBC2 franchise, and they advertised for directors, but I really took no notice, I was so bloody busy. I was running around all over the place, and I was working in the freelance office that was given to us designers at the BBC, with a man called Bob McGowan [who'd] been doing Dixon of Dock Green as a staff designer for years and was bored out of his mind, and I talked him into leaving and got him some Avengers at ABC, and he was also doing some more BBC work. Then one day he came into the office with a couple of forms and said "I've got you a form. We're going to apply to be directors". I said "Are we?", and he said "Yes, yes, we are". There were six thousand applicants for thirty-five posts, and I got short-listed, and again I forgot all about it. I wasn't carrying it around on my sleeve going "I wanna be a director." Then suddenly one day I was doing a play, I'd been working all over the weekend, and Monday came. I was exhausted, and I was walking down the corridor when Bob McGowan met me and said "Are you going for your [short-list] meeting?" I said "What meeting?" I'm in my jeans, I'd been working all bloody night, so I said "Forget it". And Bob said "No you don't. You're going up. You'll just have to tell them you've come straight off the studio floor". So I went up... there was this board of six top brass, all sitting behind the desk... I made my apologies, they asked about the play I was working on. And eventually they got down to their routine catch question, which was "What do you think and what do you know of the work of Alan Plater?". At that time, Alan Plater was a new writer and he'd done about four plays, three of which I had designed - not only designed but I'd helped transfer them from radio to television. They thought this was a very clever question because hardly anyone down South knew much about this Leeds man… and I was able not just to speak hypothetically but to tell a few stories of my own about getting a production together with him. This absolutely shook them, and within a few days or weeks I was told I was one of those selected to be directors. So overnight I was on this director's course, a three week course, which was a joke - it covered all the areas, but it was aimed at writers, actors… people with no technical knowledge. The people out in front were either the ones that had worked with me or been part of my set-up in telly, and the three weeks was pretty... not useless, but a joke really. And that was all the time they gave to training the thirty-five new directors, in batchs of three.

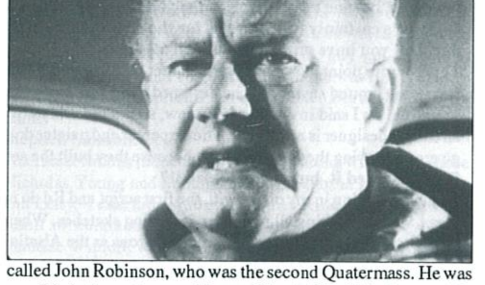
So what was the first thing you did?
April 1st 1964, I did a live Z Cars - and that was extraordinary. I came off the course and said "I want to be doing visual things didn't want to be doing talking heads" and that included, in a way, drama. I'd been thinking more of light entertainment and anything associated with making pictures. I was very enthusiastic about doing that, but suddenly I found myself being talked to by Elwyn Jones, who was Head of Series, and he gave me a script and said "Go away, read it and tell me what you think" - the old trick.

And it was his script?
It was his script. I won't say I guessed, but I was a bit cautious. Anyway, after ten minutes of analysis and a bit of batting across the table, he said "How would you like to direct it?" Now in those days, Z Cars was six cameras, and live. It had been going about two years and it was the flagship. It was **the** drama series. It created a style of television which has been much imitated since, and certainly imitated by film-makers. Until then, film-makers were still going for the visual wide-shot. You still made wide-screen - Cinemascope was "in". You didn't go for the big close-up. The Italian spaghetti films were bringing that back - the big dramatic nostrils shot - but Z Cars, the concept was that you shot it in close-up constantly. There were four hundred shots on my shot list, and that was the convention - four hundred shots in fifty minutes - That's about eight a minute, one every seven seconds. Pretty smart cutting, and that isn't edited cutting, that's cueing cutting, which you control verbally from the control room with six cameras that play dance tango on the floor to positions you've rehearsed… and you had twenty-five back projection telecines to run, 'cos they did the cars against back projection, which you had to cue and run in absolute synch yourself - no subordinates. So that was my first television - live one hour drama, six cameras... and there aren't many directors these days who could go out and do that.

I stayed at the BBC for two years, which was in the terms of my being chosen. I had to agree to do two years. Again I didn't like being held down. I got labelled as a series director. I actually got involved with, and looked as if I'd get off the ground, another first in my life [which that cost me]. Irene Shubik had been story-editor of Out of his World over at ABC, for which I'd done some designing. Clive Exton was the writer I did that with - a brilliant story, just a two-hander, with Peter Wyngarde and Jane Asher, which Peter Hammond directed. It was science fiction, a brilliant series, introduced by Boris Karloff. Anyway, Irene went to the BBC and became a producer as did Verity Lambert. Sydney Newman drew them across the water... and because of our relationship at ABC, Irene and I kept in touch, and she came up with a series of plays in which I got a script by Asimov called Caves of Steel... and I was going not only to direct it but also design it, which would've been a first. But the Union stepped in and said "Either you are a director or designer, we won't allow you to do both". As a result of their intervention, and that of Elwyn Jones as Head of Series, I was told "You can't be a plays director and a series director. You've got to make up your mind. Are you gonna be a maverick and go out again, or are you gonna stay and be a good boy?". So, I stayed and lost a very important production, and in the end it was directed by Peter Sasdy, and Richard Lake designed it. Instead, I did many other interesting things, including a science series called R3, starring of all people Oliver Reed.

R3 was a unit - Research Unit Three. It was a top drama series, not officially science fiction. It was a research station which got involved in espionage. I remember one story I directed was about a missing radium canister dropped out of the back of a travelling vehicle, and it's picked up by some kids who start playing with it, so it's about the effects of radium. Another one was about submarines, written by Norman Crisp, who was a top Naval writer. They go down to do some research at the bottom of the ocean and don't come up again, so they're trying to get them out. They were all wearing outfit and breathing apparatus, so it was science fictiony without being set in the future. It starred Oliver Reed, Michael Hawkins, and an actor now dead called John Robinson, who was the second Quatermass. He was very big in those days, and he was Head of the Unit. It was a big series and lasted about three seasons.

Left: Patrick Macnee, Paul Bernard, Honor Blackman & the Mayor of Twickenham at an exhibition of Bernard's work, 1963 (Photo - Paul Bernard)



Was Oliver Reed sober most of the time?
Well, the trick was not to totally discipline him but try to get him to understand that you weren't trying to be heavy. You actually got in two bottles of Guinness, and allowed him to drink a bottle.

Doctor Who was just starting around that time. Were you aware of it?
I was, because I was friendly with Ray Cusick. I was interested in it, although I admit its status was like second division football in the BBC structure. There was a thing called Compact, which was the BBC's soap opera, and if you did that it was considered that you weren't in the top league. Some directors came off the course and did Compact, and there was me grandly doing top strata Z Cars. So I won't say I looked down my nose at Doctor Who, but you didn't look towards it as an improvement in your career. It was just something interesting which was going on, and having had my fingers burnt with Caves of Steel, my excitement at the visual side took a back seat and I developed my drama side. I joined ATV immediately my two years was up. Jo Douglas, who was now a producer at ATV having been a producer at Granada when I was a designer, invited me to join her, and their flagship soap opera was Emergency Ward Ten, so I joined that in 1966.

How long did you stay?
I did that for seven years, but it became well known that I was keen to move out of it for domestic reasons. My wife had contracted meningitis, and was clearly losing her life and I decided that staff drama was too all-consuming. I never knew when I was going to finish, coming out of rehearsal, getting camera scripts done, to see her. So I told ATV I'd like to go freelance.

I'd been doing a series called Honey Lane for ATV, and the story-editor was Louis Marks and one of its constant writers was Robert Holmes. I finished up producing Honey Lane in its last three months, before it became a drama series. Emergency Ward Ten and Honey Lane were both half-hour episodes, but then when they ceased those episodes we then did thirteen one-hour shows in both instances. So whilst the producers went off and prepared the one-hour series, I finished up producing/directing the last three months of both. But Bob Holmes mentioned to Barry Letts that he knew a director he thought a lot of, who was free… and it happened that not only did he give me that recommendation but two years before that one of the one-hour Ward Ten's was written by Barry Letts, and I'd directed it. At the time, he told me he'd just been accepted on the Directors Course, so while I was directing his play, he was learning the tricks o the trade. And then Louis Marks left Honey Lane and wrote a storyline for Doctor Who which at first I understand didn't involve Daleks, but Barry recommended it be rewritten with Daleks, and I got a phone call saying would I be available to do it? And that's all I needed to finally leave ATV.

By this time Doctor Who wasn't so looked down upon?
By this time I was keenly interested in it and respected it, but, again it was this visual aspect that I was still carrying around, I felt it needed somebody who could pull it all together, and I felt myself capable of doing that.

Do you feel you achieved it?
Well, the measure of success is against the system - time factors and all that. But Barry gave me every help. I went to him with a formula which I'd put into practice, based on my belief that chromakey blue wasn't the only answer to chroma-key utility. I'd worked on a series called This Is Tom Jones for a brilliant producer/director called John Schofield, who had found the limitations of blue with the costumes. There was a tendency, especially with American males, to put blue in the suits… nice sharp sailor suit jackets… and it became inhibiting to work with chromakey blue, so he started experimenting with purple, green and yellow, and I found yellow gave by far the best visual product - so I told Barry I would like to try this, and he set up a two-day technical exercise in the studio, and at the end we came up with something I think we called Sunshine Yellow, which didn't do some of the things blue did, for instance blue "bled". If you had movement with blue you got these haloes. A blue line which you can't avoid betrays chromakey's use. With yellow you wouldn't know whether it was a highlight caused by sunshine coming from a window. Yellow somehow gave the impression of light, and allowed movement. The engineers were quite surprised at the success of it. So that was one of my innovations, and I eventually carried that down to Thames and did the same with them for Tomorrow People. That was my contribution to overlaying effects - yellow not blue. How long that was perpetuated and whether it's still used I don't know.

The Daleks are such an important part of Doctor Who yet you only had three Daleks to attack Auderly House.
Well, that was what I was confronted with, and it was treated with great humour. Everybody kept saying "Oh, you'll manage. This will show how good are as a director." I went down to find the Daleks, because it was five years since they'd been used, and there were sort of three and a half! There was one gold, two ordinary silver, and one half of a silver one! I eventually used the half in the battle scenes. It was the one that was always blown up. So I made the story with three and a half Daleks.

***Day of the Daleks* brought in a new colour scheme from the previous silver…**
Well, they'd been knocked about. The word one used was they had to be 'refurbished'. I can't remember that I determined their colour scheme, although I may have said something intelligent at the time. We talked about modernising the mechanics of them, but at the end of the day I capitulated to the sheer simplicity of it all. One was acutely aware also that their mobility was so limited it was frightening.

In the studio they stand in one place most of the time.
One of the first things I had to do was the filming - this stupid thing of doing filming first and then rehearsing it and making it work in the studio. I went out to Ryegate, and of course they were supposed to be surrounding the house, gliding along... and they couldn't move! They couldn't more on the earth, so one had to have block-boards… and if they moved while dialogue was going on, you got these running noises. With all due respect to Cusick, he designed them to run on studio floors, so we were landed with a real problem. But I remember enjoying it and having lots of laughs about it. When I had this fight at the house - y'know, this so-called army of Daleks - descending on the house, and only three of them functioning, coming over the hill... and of course we didn't have the benefit which everyone has now of these lasers, y'know? We had the noise, but nothing came out! Today you can put on lots of bangs and flashes and laser beams and make it look much more impressive.

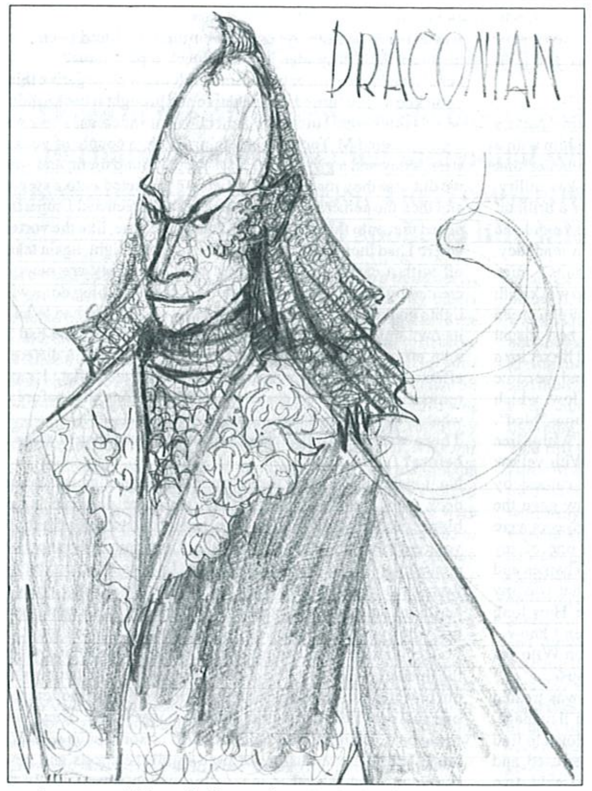
It was the first time the extermination effect had been used in colour. Did that give any unexpected problems?
I can't really remember but I think I felt this total negative thing - you know, you turned it to negative and brought it back - didn't work. I think what I did was a projection onto a screen, There was a group called M-Tech or something-Tech, a couple of youngsters, a boy and a girl, who'd just set up. I found them, and what we did was they made slides which we projected onto a screen, and then the camera took the image of the screen and I superimposed that onto the picture. I did that all the time, like the vortex, where I had them make up these whirlygigs of light, again taken off with a camera. They weren't read in as they are now, or created by the electronics, they were a physical thing done with lights on the studio floor. I decided that each effect had to have its own unique imagery. Whatever the Daleks did, that had its own effect, and when others fired their guns, that a different effect. Each had its own style, so I generated that. I can't remember whether other people will have done that before or what… but it wasn't consciously imitative.

There wasn't any file checking to see how they'd done it before?
No. I mean at that stage the effects coming through the control deck were terribly limited. The wipes were diagonal wipes, blocks, squares and circles. You had about twelve effects on your deck and that was it. With the Electronic Workshop, we created two things on that Dalek one. I wanted a screen as if it was a physical screen and the Dalek talking to Aubrey Woods - and then I wanted to change the composition in shot... and I knew that when you just chroma-keyed that picture, it didn't work. So I talked to them about whether they could do something where the imagery was tied to the pace of the camera, and they worked out how to slave one camera to the other, so the development of one shot was tied to the other - and that was a first. They had a name or it, I think it was called GAZE or some such technical name and that eventually got used in all the sports and news coverage. And the other innovation which was virtually the same thing, was again a master and slave camera, whenever I wanted crash-zooms and things on the Master using his watch as a television screen in *The Time Monster*. That was a problem. I had to shoot that before we got into studio, and because it only got overlaid - it never got diminished - I had to work out the shot and shoot the vista so that all the vital elements were in the right area. Whereas now they can stick it through Quantel and edit it in like that.

Moving on to *The Time Monster,* you've said it was almost filmic in the qualities you were expected to get out of it, and you used film for all the Atlantis scenes in the early episodes…
I rather ambitiously decided that it was, I believe, a film concept, and therefore let's really take it on and have a go at it. I wanted you to really feel that it was in the past, so I decided to use the 16mm qualities to give me that feel. Also the really enormous problem of Kronos was one I had to wrestle with, without any of the advantages one has these days. I decided to attempt it on film.

It's a story which has been criticised, but it's certainly very successful in creating an atmosphere, especially in the Atlantean episodes.
Well at the time it was an enormous problem, and I probably belonged to the camp that thought it wasn't creme-de-la-creme Doctor Who, and I think I nursed that feeling in retrospect for several years, until I started looking at them again, five or ten years later... and I made the judgement that in many ways not only was it as good, but it was probably better... it had things in it that were quite extraordinarily good. There were some acting

Right: Location filming for Day of the Daleks (BBC Videol Bernard)
Above: Telesnaps from R3 - Experiment in Depth (Paul Bernard/John Cura)



weaknesses, which probably put it at the back of the mind, thinking "Oh God, best forget that", and I won't particularise who or what that was but there were a lot of problems in getting performances out of the actor I chose, I'm not talking about people like Delgado who was one of the best actors I've ever worked with, but some of the people I had to bring in... and that was my biggest battle; trying to get quality out of people who weren't used to major performances in television. But I liked it, I like it more as the years go by, and the more I look at it the more I like it.

There's an episode in the middle that's purely Jon Pertwee and Roger Delgado sparring verbally. It must've been curious trying to disguise the extent to which you were padding out the plot.

I think that was a deliberate ploy which I might well have been supportive of. I know in retrospect I'm supportive of the combat between the two. I always advocated that there should be more face to face combat between them, that one saw them directly at each other, one to one, not in complexity of plot, which was principally the way it had been done before - you know, one's working against the other behind the scenes and they only come together in the final episode for their confrontation. I was always strong in advocating that the qualities of the series rested in the three of them. Jo, I thought, was by far the best of the sidekicks, and I was always loud in saying that in the three of them we had three good quality actors and should therefore be utilising their qualities - instead of swamping them with other actors and storylines, build them up. Now I can't claim that anyone responded to that, in rehearsal, but I did advocate that they had a more confrontational relationship.

How did you get on with Katy Manning?

I liked her immensely, she was a great girl. And my relationship with the series is to feel that I was lucky enough to have the three best. I genuinely believe that, I think I was lucky, and I tried to take advantage of it. I had a terrific relationship with Roger, loved him.

It must've been devastating when he was killed.

I was doing The Tomorrow People when I heard, and I went to his funeral, which is where I met Barry again and began to get some signals from him about some of these peculiar things that had been going on. I went to the funeral with John Woodnutt, who was playing Spidron in The Tomorrow People [*The Vanishing Earth*}.

You used him in *Frontier In Space* as well. Was his playing Spidron the result of remembering him for that?

Yes, yes - and the quality of his acting.

Particularly under a mask?

Yes.

In *Time Monster* and *Frontier* there seemed to be a more human side to the Master. Was that something you were consciously bringing out?

I think you must give credit for that to Barry and Terrance. That was a decision made outside my sphere, to get a script that involved him more. I inherited that, and can only say I applauded it and rejoiced in having more to do with him, because he was a sheer joy to work with, there was no problem with him. He was responsive and a sheer delight.

You must have worked on Doctor Who pretty much solidly over that year...

It's a very fondly remembered time. I look back on my career and I realise I was at my happiest then, because I was doing what I always wanted to, and what I felt was my greatest talent - the marriage of all the aspects; the costume, effects, actors, script, design. I was able to bring them all together, and although it was very heavy going and very hard and obviously one ran into a lot o brick walls and frustrations, it really was a very exciting time. I knew I was doing things that were going forward rather than things that were imitative of that which had been, and that was very exhilarating. Also the relationship between Barry and I, I always thought, was very, very good. There's a folk-lore now, which I've read in many places, that when I did my last one, the Draconian one, there was a discontent between us over the way the final episode finished, and when I caught up with Barry two years ago doing EastEnders he briefly broached the subject, because we'd heard all this talk.

The ending of *Frontier* is rather confused and rushed...

There was this mirage of a monster which had been in previous episodes, that the Ogrons were frightened of... and when I was shown it I as absolutely aghast. It was a piece of rubber blubber blown up and lt was awful - and I said so. But I was told there was no more budget to make something else. So I put it on the hill, against the light, and thought "I'll try and get away with just a silhouette"... it was making grumbly noises and all that... but it really was the worst monster I'd had anything to do with. And though I tried to conceal its shortcomings, when I had to show the Ogrons running from this illusion of it I had to keep cutting it in, and it all got a bit silly, because Jo was running around, the Master was running around pressing the bloody button, and everybody's seeing things... and I felt it got over-exposed, so I justified my cut version - it wasn't in studio because it wasn't being argued in studio! The things that I've read suggest we had arguments in the studio. Nobody at that time would've illuminated the problem because we were gonna take it away and do some editing, and it was after Barry saw my rough-cut or final cut, whichever it was, that he felt I hadn't always cut to the reverse of what the characters could see - their point of view. I argued that we had established it well enough, and that with all the noise and the effect and their faces going [Mimics terrified Ogron]... that was bad enough, I mean they weren't the world's greatest Laurence Oliviers! I had this predicament you know, where you almost wet yourself. You had six foot six blokes going [Mimics terrified Ogron] and I'm trying to minimise this! So I said "I can't do this, it's becoming *Carry On Monsters*". So I cut it right down, and Barry expressed the opinion that it was wrong not to cut to the monster every time it was required, but I said "No, I know I'm right. I won't put in the shots". That was the only difference of opinion between us that I know of.

As transmitted it runs straight into the next story, which is unusual for the time.

Yes, and therefore you've got to ask Maloney, who came after me, whether he did a couple of shots which got edited into it - because you get a gut feeling, it's like your handwriting - when I saw it I knew it wasn't what I did.

The final scene is the only one set inside the TARDIS - do you remember using that set?

Oh. I don't recall that. What I do remember is I had been approached by Thames to get up The Tomorrow People, so I was going over to the enemy and there were lots of rumbles going on - "This is treachery don't expect to come back here, and that sort of thing, because I was going off to set up this rival to Doctor Who - there was a feeling I'd been a bit of a naughty boy in leaving Doctor Who. So perhaps it tied in a little with the hiatus in the last half hour of studio. Mind you, that's not as people tell it - people who don't understand the mechanics of television. There was obviously another four week's work and relationships, it went beyond that, and I can't remember any animosity or aggro. We just differed over something and I know I was asked to do something that I didn't expect to do at the eleventh hour, which I did, and it affected what I'd wanted to do in that time - but what it was exactly I can't recall, though people keep telling me what it was.

How did you find Jon Pertwee? Michael Kilgarrif was very disparaging of his attitude on set recently.

I'm a supporter of Pertwee, but I was warned right from the start that he was a prima-donna, so I approached him with that awareness and decided there was no harm in buttering him up and letting him believe he was King of the Empire. I did everything in my power to make him feel good. My support, my PA, everything was geared to making him feel he was being looked after. I supported that, but I never let him usurp my authority, and we got on very well. I admired him, I was totally loyal, and to this day, sitting here, I feel very strongly that he was by far the best of the Doctors, because he had all the right ingredients. This prima-donna thing, I think, is Doctor Who. This absolute belief that he is, without thinking about it, the most important person in the world. He is the centre of everything. And with all the eccentricity, he never feels second to anybody.

Had you seen Patrick Troughton in the role?

I admired Troughton as an actor, and I think he gave it a nice studied performance - in fact that was probably when I started taking an interest. Again, all respect to Hartnell, but I only ever thought of Hartnell as a second division actor in whatever he did, and I always saw him struggling with it. But Troughton gave it a quality of perormance. He was an actor interpreting it, and doing it very well - Pertwee was him. He was living the part. And this was fantastic. He got excited in the same way, he wanted to know all the technicalities ... he was agitated when Doctor Who was agitated, and the Daleks were almost real! It was quite extraordinary.

So he took the Daleks very seriously on set? He's always been rather critical of them in interviews.

Well, we understood their shortcomings, but the actual belief in the storylines... the adrenalin of them being evil and him being good, and the Master being the evil of all time... we never joked about the stories, we never laughed at them. I've been in other situations where you've read scripts with actors and you've fallen on the floor wetting yourselves, saying "I can't say that!" or "Where has this writer been?!". But we never did that, there might have been things like "I can't say that", but there's a difference between "I can't say that because it's a load of crap" and "I can't say that because I need it to be...", and then you help them rephrase that. We did a lot of in-house reshaping of sentences, but one never ridiculed the purpose of the series.

Pertwee's certainly full of praise for the Draconians, to this day. Did you have any input on their design?

That's a sore point, because I learned later that Jon Friedlander was going around saying that he designed them, and that is just so untrue. As I said in another interview, so it's indelibly down already, a designer is a designer. The carpenter and painter don't go around saying they designed just because they built the sets.

So he sculpted it, but you designed it?

I would be sitting in my office with the first script and I'd do my ideas, visuals, making all my notes, including sketches. When I went in to see Barry and I said "I see the Ogrons as the Alsatians of the Daleks", and as we can't do dogs if we get big men... and I did a sketch, and make-up was called in. Make-up then decided to farm it out to Friedlander, and the drawings were given to him, and this was done according to my original concept. Now I can't find the Ogron drawing, but I do have the original Draconian. I drew this, we had a meeting, and it was taken away, I decided the manner in which they spoke - that they would have a lizard-like hiss... and that they'd have the scales, and had to look sharp and intellectual. I actually drew a bit of flimsy material like fins on the back of their head, but that never materialised. But that was the only difference between my drawing and the finished product. So you do it as part of your job. As the director, you're leading people, drawing them all towards what you want, all the time you're leading people, even if you're not categorically saying "I want that, that and that". That's your job, it's like actors. Actors give you their interpretation of the role, and at the end of the day they get the credit for the performance, but for a fortnight you lead them and jockey them, you take away something if you know it's not going right, and if it is going right you say "Keep that, hang onto that, bring this out". This is the relationship, but it's no good looking as if you are telling people what to do. The art of being the director is to make people feel they're contributing even if the seed of it all came from you, So you don't go round behind a person's back saying "It wasn't them at all", You don't do it. It's part of your job not to, and that's why I was taken aback to learn how greedily Friedlander has snatched the credit. He didn't even say it was in the heads of the director, designer, make-up people... or that there was a dialogue about it. I can only think that he's forgotten what really happened.

If they'd taken off, you could have ended up in a nasty legal battle over the royalties...

No - at the time you join the BBC you sign a disclaimer so any contributions you make are BBC copyright.

Even as a freelancer?

Yes. I signed that. Writers are different. I mean, Doctor Who's been, as you well know, all over the world, distributed in America and Australia... but I got nothing. The union never negotiated residuals. They do now - but not then. I've got it with Thames on The Tomorrow People, except the Union didn't, and still doesn't I think, have an agreement on cable, and I get nothing out of stuff that went all across America on the cable stations. But you see, your musicians union, actors union, all had agreements.

Why did you never get invited back to Doctor Who?

There are always so many factors. The first obviously was that I was busy in other areas... and the people that took over had no contact with me. I find producers always only ask directors they know personally. So I lost that personal contact.

Moving on to The Tomorrow People, I believe Brian Tesler involved you in it?

It was Ruth Boswell who'd been approached by Tesler and the Head of Children's ITV at the time to help Roger Price set this up; but what became clear to everyone was that neither Roger Price nor Ruth Boswell had sufficient track record to go it alone. So Ruth rang me up and said "Paul, would you like to come down and do this?", and my condition was "Yes I will, but I'm not coming in just as a director. I don't want the credit but I do need control in its creation" and I was allowed in on that understanding - that I would do a full year and get it on its way. I promised I would give them a series that would vie with Doctor Who, and it lasted seven years.

Opposite: Paul bernard's original Draconian sketch
Right: The end of series party for Honey Lane: Louis Marks (2nd from left); Ivor (The Myth Makers) Salter, 5th from left; Paul Bernard (centre); Robert Holmes (Half-hidden, 3rd from right); Alfie Bass & Bill Owen (extreme right). (Photo - Paul Bernard)

And of course it's been resurrected now...

Well I saw the revival and I don't know if they're going to pursue it, but it's totally different in feel.

So you only directed two of the three stories that first year, but you were still overseeing the intermediate one?

I'd been totally involved in the creation of it, and therefore the decisions on what the stories were and what would make the best television, and in leaving I left Roger taking over, and Ruth carrying on a clear understanding of that which I had established. To my knowledge they certainly didn't seem to change the concept or formula. That came later. But they carried on what I'd established so I presume they were quite happy with it. I was quite happy leaving it, but when it started going downhill I was getting phone calls rom people like Philip Gilbert saying "Why don't you come back?"... People don't understand, it's not a question of you deciding to just walk through the gates and say "I'm here, I'll carry on." Nobody was asking me back to do it.

So some of the cast were unhappy with the way it developed.

Yes they were, there were grumbles, besides which they were being changed, weren't they? The black guy got axed, and Sammie Winmill too, Peter Vaughan-Clarke was Roger Price's discovery and I supported that. I can't remember the black boy's name.

Stephen Salmon.

I had reservations [about him] but I went along with that. I chose Nicholas Young and Sammie, and I brought in Mike Standing and Lefty, I cast him. And all the other principal casting was a result of elimination. Incidentally there's a nice story about Sammie Winmill which might be worth recounting. Ruth had this idea that she wanted Lynne Fredericks, who I met. But I wasn't happy about it, I thought she was a bit too precious, too upper class for it. I had auditioned Sammie amongst others, and caught her effervescent infectious mannerisms, which I liked, and I thought it was essential to have that natural bubble and squeak. So I stood my ground and vetoed Lynne Fredericks and brought Sammie in.

So you were trying to get a contrast into The Tomorrow People? Nick Young had this marvellous unearthly quality - you could believe he wasn't the same species as ordinary people. Whereas Carol...

Yes. I wanted this bubble and effervescence, which I suppose as a mirror to Jo - to Katy Manning. The two parts could've been cast either way. So probably my thinking was coloured by that. They were both very much two of the favourite juveniles in my career.

You designed the title sequence, didn't you?

I thought of it in my car. I was trying to think of a formula that could both reflect the series and stimulate the interest, I've always been concious, as should anyone making programmes, of how important the first minute or two is and I thought we've got to have good music and visuals. So then it was a simple matter of thinking up a formula of a continuous movement of pictures, albeit stills, that one just kept going through, and that personified that eerie strangeness— intellect, telepathy... and I communicated this to Tony Bully who was brought to me as my graphic artist. He had aspirations to be a director and subsequently did... so he bounced off it very quickly and saw it as an opportunity because it was his job as graphic designer to put it onto film. And he found a whole lot of stills that he brought to me, as well as taking some himself, and we sorted them and chose them and decided on this perpetual zooming. Then I talked to Dudley Simpson about it. He caught this feel tremendously in his music - this excitement. I think I gave him the word excitement. I said I didn't want just a background, I wanted to feel excited by the future, by telepathy... and he got it. I think it's by far the best music he ever wrote.

Theres also the opening image of the unclenching hand.

That was again an idea, like a flower, in fact we chose flowers as well. I wanted discovery - the open-handedness of it, all these words came into it, and he took it into studio and got a hand doing that.

The first episode doesn't have the standard title sequence, it has a teaser which ends on a freeze-frame of Stephen's face with overlaid effects.

Yes, well, I can't remember, it might've been, it's my style. I liked teasers and because nobody knew what the titles were going to be like I didn't feel I was losing out. I was saving something for impact later. Once it was established, fine, incidentally I recall now that the light effects which surrounded it, and the jaunting and all that, were this same group I'd used in Doctor Who... the people who provided these shapes. I brought them in too.

Reportedly it took a lot longer in studio than expected.

Yes, because Thames had little or no experience with science fiction, whereas at the BBC they'd had all these years to iron out shortcomings and misunderstandings and they had a system of people who at least had worked on it and understood the shorthand of communication about it. I had nobody. Can you imagine? Trying to get that programme together with people who'd never used effects like that except for light entertainment? It was totally different. I left agreeably because I was glad it was all over, which was probably why I didn't go near them again for many years when people were saying "Why don't you come back?"

I was only too pleased to move away from it. I did what I'd said I would - I set up a series that would run, because Thames were worried they'd invest a lot of money and it would go nowhere... and I promised them, on my deathbed it nearly was, that I would create a series that would stand up to Who, and it did. It nearly beat them for a while. But I know by '76 or '77 this comedy thing started creeping in, and a lack of control - the directors were obviously not used to controlling it and the kids were playing up, so it wasn't working.

The fans usually divide it into 73 to 75 being the serious ones and 76 to 80 are the silly ones.

I've always said that I was the right to come in and handle Roger, because he was a brilliant, inventive, creative mind, but it was very much a sixteen-year-old mind... which was a virtue in this area - he had this marvellous creativity... but it always lacked a practical understanding of the problems of interpretation and putting it into reality. He needed me to discipline him and say "That's a bloody good idea but...", or No, that's a silly idea, we can't make that work", or "We can work on that one", and then he'd get all excited. But when he was left in charge, you see, he had nobody who had the authority to say "Roger, you're wrong". He needed another person with a technical understanding of how to bring his aims about... and that's when I think it worked.

So it wasn't that things were going wrong, it was that they didn't have enough experience to recognise when things were going wrong?

Yes, and people were saying "But I never realised that was what you wanted, and if you'd asked me for that I would've told you it'd take two hours to do it." I got answers like that, whereas at the Beeb you'd have your meeting and say to the chap "Bill, you remember that effect you did in episode sixteen?", and he'd say "Oh, you want that again?", and I'd say "Yes, but perhaps a little more vitality." You had a point of reference. These people had no point of reference at all, and they had to say to you "Well, how d'you want it done?" 0f course, all these things generate stress - sheer joy, excitement... even Doctor Who. For nearly two years it was a sheer joy. Hard work, but a sheer joy, whereas The Tomorrow People was triumphant at the end, that I'd achieved something despite all the hazards.

Could you bring us up to date with what you've been doing since your last encounter with science fiction?

I formed my own production company in 1974 and made a couple of films in the mid- 70s, including *The Contract* which starred my former Coronation Street colleague Ken (Billy Walker) Farrington. I basically formed it in order to make whatever I wanted to make and in whatever direction I wanted to pursue, and I sold a few things to various companies up to the eighties. In the early '80s I found myself engulfed in the formative stage of the new TVam for two years, basically preparing them to get on air and helping them to understand the rudiments of live television work. After getting that on air I was asked by Anne Head if I would like to move over to the children's department to direct and in a manner produce a new programme concept which was a one-hour Sunday morning programme for very young children called Rub-A-Dub-Tub. It was a challenge and something totally new, and the adrenalin of working on a new station with such enthusiastic young people was very exciting. One day I was called in to meet a certain person who'd been given £500 by my boss to make a puppet, and we sat round a table and created six episodes - ten-minuters - called Shed Vision, with a character called Roland Rat. We recorded them all within four days of meeting him - six programmes recorded on the Sunday having met him on the Thursday. We transmitted them... and when Greg Dyke was introduced to us as the new saviour of TVam and we directors all sat down to talk to him, I eventually caught his ear and told him about this Roland Rat which I believed was a good thing. A year or two earlier, Yorkshire asked me to do a schools series called Making a Living which was a mixture of documentary with drama insert (which gave Joanne whalley one of her earliest roles), and then I was asked by Tyne Tees to do How Dare You, so for the first five or six years of the '80s I was back with young person-orientated programmes for 7-16 year olds. I got called back to do some Coronation Streets in 1987 and later did some EastEnders for the BBC with Barry Letts, but returning to the establishment was no longer attractive and it now interfered with the amount of work that I was doing for myself as a film maker and painter. I had definitely lost my appetite for television.

Where do you think television is heading then?

I think it's going nowhere. I think it's going up its own arse, if you can put that down! [Laughs] Nowhere. It's lost an identity, because there's not that single hand. I grew up with... well, for instance, a marvellous director who died all of twenty years ago, called Jimmy MacTaggart [commerated by the keynote MacTaggart Lecture on Television, he made regular use of Sarah Sutton in the early seventies, casting her in the classic production of *Through the Looking Glass* in '72] - and his identity was there on screen. You watched a programme of his and it was Jimmy MacTaggart, you only needed six frames and you knew it was his work, or Rudolph Cartier's work. Designers too. You identified, you had individuality. Now everybody, even the actors... it's a production line. Names mean nothing anymore, With all his faults, Ian Hendry, drunk as he was, pink as he was, you knew who he was, you didn't mix him up with anybody else. Patrick MacNee too - that fantastic theatrical quality is slowly getting lost, and that was what was exciting and what I'm part of, though I'm now one of the dinosaurs left over. If somebody wants to drag me back and recreate some of that, I'll fall over myself to do it. But in the meantime I don't wanna know about just being paid a salary to put something together, to make yet another half hour of television. The excitement of saying "Something good's on, we've really got to watch this" is gone. Even the kids - I never hear any real excitement like I used to with Doctor Who, you know - it was on and the kids **had** to watch it.

And what are you doing now?

By the mid/late '80s I came to the fundamental decision that I wasn't going to pursue any more television work. Instead I was going to pursue my own individuality again and concentrate on my paintings, which I sell mainly to the Germans in Spain where I have a villa and work from, and also my writing because that would lead me to the opportunities to direct my own writing in films. Since then I've been working towards that aim, and two or three times I've nearly pulled it off but lost the ground I'd achieved because of the monetary scene (ie. the '87 stock market crash). However a screenplay I'd nearly got off the ground at that time is currently taking shape in an amalgamated production with a Russian studio which is contributing the below line costs to the £1.5 million budget, and it will be made and shot in Russia. It's called *Retribution* and is based on the three days which led up to the Spanish Civil War. Julian Glover and Isla Blair have read it and said they'd like to play the leads. It's currently at agreement stage but I'm endeavouring to finalise things in conjunction with my partners, Hammerwood.

Paul Bernard, thank you very much

Interview conducted in Brighton on 26th May 1993 by Anthony Brown and Gary Leigh. Transcribed by Tim Munro.

IT'S RATHER GOOD, HONEST!

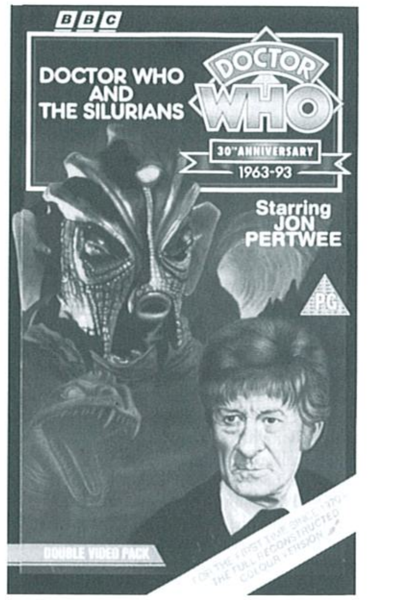
IT HAS BECOME fashionable and trendy, of late, to suggest that the Pertwee era is a load of deeply over-rated tosh that is, in fact, basically irredeemable. This is most unjust. There are, I think, at least three Pertwee stories that are any good, possibly four. *The Silurians* is definitely one of these. After*The Daemons* and *Terror of the Autons* the release of this story onto video is timely. Unlike those two stories *The Silurians* is an admirable illustration of how to avoid the chronic limitations of the exile format without contriving a reason for the TARDIS to start working again. It was complained by writers at the time of the show's grounding that they were limited to two stories: alien invasion or home grown menace. *The Silurians* is really neither of these, remarkably since it is only the second Pertwee story. It is a variation on the second theme, it's true, but the complainant probably had in mind more the sort of *Robot*-style mad scientists or power crazed lunatics. It may have been in deference to this originality problem that Pertwee's first season comprised an opener followed by three epic-length stories. It is this epic quality that marks *The Silurians* out as such a great story. Few other stories have successfully possessed it. *Genesis of the Daleks* (severe deficiencies notwithstanding) springs to mind as comparable but usually in Doctor Who length is synonymous with padding. Witness *Inferno* - as it is said in part five: "There's never been a bore like this one."

The Silurians does not suffer from these problems. Its epic quality consists not merely of length but of a geographically and situationally progressive narrative which not only talks about its implications but bears witness to them. Thousands of people not only could die but actually do. The excellent *Destiny of the Daleks*, though having only four episodes, has this quality in a slightly different way. The events on Skaro have implications much wider than just their effect on those present. We do not see them because they are averted. In *The Silurians* on the other hand the plague is not a mere threat, it actually happens. Likewise in the previous story, the Auton invasion is seen to take place and loads of civilians die. If UNIT's ineptness in preventing these calamities were followed through the world would have ended at the conclusion of *Inferno* and the series would have come to a conclusion. On the other hand the four years that followed would probably have been a lot less boring than they actually were. Lethbridge-Stewart's defence, no doubt, was that he was obstructed by incredulous ministers and arrogant scientists. What else could he do?

The arrogant scientist in *The Silurians* is played by the inimitable Peter Miles, some years before he cemented his remembrance by fans in *Genesis of the Daleks*, who gets Rice Krispies pasted onto his face long before Davison did it *Arc of Infinity*. The other principal scientist, Dr Quinn, less arrogant and a man who, were Pertwee's Doctor less insufferably supercilious and patronising, might have been able to confide in him, is played (very well) by Fulton Mackay. Given that the Pertwee Doctor is as described it is no wonder that things go so catastrophically wrong in this story. The third Doctor's approach to almost everybody, not only in *The Silurians* but in his entire tenure, is to be either snidely insulting or downright rude. Had the Doctor not treated Quinn like an idiot who was lying to him but tried to gain his trust in order to find out what was going on many lives might have been saved. The Doctor should never behave in this way. Pertwee's Doctor always does. Thank goodness he's in UNIT's scientific division and not personnel management. He'd've provoked a walkout, and the Daleks would have been able to just walk in.

But I'm starting to sound like I don't like the story, and I do - It's just so frustrating sometimes. Caroline John is great of course but never destined to fit in with the way Pertwee wanted to play the Doctor. Liz Shaw got closer to getting the truth out of Quinn's assistant by being tactful and sympathetic than the Doctor ever could. Nick Courtney's Brigadier is still allowed to demonstrate a measure of military intelligence rather than being the bungling cretin of later stories. Also good, and sadly killed off towards the end, is Paul Darrow, as Captain Hawkins. Until the arrival of Captain Yates in the following season UNIT Captains tended to change from story to story. It is a pity that Hawkins had to act so out of character and start shooting at the Silurians and get killed (not of course that he would ever have stayed on).

Another good performance comes, as one would expect, from Geoffrey Palmer as Masters, one of the few occasions when Barry Letts ever allowed a government official or minister to be portrayed as anything other than a complete idiot. Masters displays great intelligence and integrity before heading back to London to become the first victim of the Rice Krispie sickness. The scenes showing him at Marylebone (usually the station used by the Beeb) and then running through London and dying, with loads of other people dropping afterwards have a rare cataclysmic feel. The end of episode five/beginning of six as the Doctor and the Brigadier find the dead man outside the hospital is one of the finest dramatic moments in the series, made possible by the fact that at this early stage Pertwee was still bothering to act (see also, the very last shot of the story, where his face burns with silent anger and outrage.) It seems like ages since the troops were tracing the rogue Silurian through the fields but it's not. So much scope crammed into only seven episodes.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Now for the controversial bit. I haven't seen the restored colour version of this story but I have seen it in colour (and in proper, not broken apart, episodes which makes the restorers' complaint that they couldn't find an episodic colour copy slightly puzzling), and I can't help feeling it might have been better to have released it in black and white. There is something about the story and the way it is told that is very much a part of the b+w Who ethos. Its starkness and brutality contrasts with the cosiness of colour. Gloomy caves and bleak moorlands are very black and white. And the rubber monsters tend to look less stupid as well.

It would be overdoing it to claim that *The Silurians* was the last good Pertwee story but it has a sense of freshness and brilliance that this era never achieved again. The only other comparably beautiful stories are *Colony in Space* and *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*. What do these have in common? Well (and I've only just noticed this after looking it up) they were all written by Malcolm Hulke. It is a case, probably, of Hulke having a perception about people that the shoot-'em-slapstick approach that characterised the Pertwee years lacked. In the Hulke stories there is a moral sensitivity lacking in this otherwise morally vacuous era. Plenty of moralising goes on throughout it but most of this is sententious or delivered by Pertwee in Captain Kirk style at the end of the story and does not constitute moral debate. In the Hulke stories all the people are individual moral agents, not merely part of a conglomeration of good guys or bad guys. This has been commented on before of course, particularly in reference to *The Silurians* where the eponymous reptiles are shown to have a legitimate complaint, but it is also true of *Colony in Space*. In spite of attempts to portray the IMC men as faceless, procedure-bound thugs they are seen to have a justifiable approach to the problems differently addressed by the colonists. In *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* Captain Yates highlights the conflict by working for both sides at the same time, but *The Silurians* does it best. Sadly when the story was remade two years later as *The Sea Devils* production requirements preceded the script and turned it into a vapid action piece. This was not Malcolm Hulke's fault. Hopefully *The Sea Devils* will now remain in the archives, but for *The Silurians* a resounding **(8)**

Peter Linford

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PRINT THE LEGEND

CAN YOU GUESS which well known TV programme is being referred to in the following comments: "The series constantly maintained an indomitable faith in man as an essentially noble animal." "At the end of every episode viewers are left with a feeling that there's hope for us after all." "In the guise of science fiction, the series dealt with substantive concerns such as Vietnam, the cold war and civil rights."

Of course, it's the third one that really gives the game away. While there may be many shows in television's history to which the first two quotes might allude, add the reference to SF and only one possible candidate exists for which such lofty claims to social commentary and political statement have been made. Yes, I'm referring to the seemingly indestructible Star Trek, currently embarked on yet another network rerun in Britain - to the inevitable accompaniment of a fans' chorus of remarks similar to those above. Now enthusiasm is one thing but what makes this phenomenon so puzzling is that if one actually watches these repeats with a neutral gaze then it is difficult to find evidence justifying Trek's idealistic reputation. Even viewed in the context of the era it was made, there hardly seems to be any radical message contained in the Enterprise's five year mission, yet somehow a whole Star Trek myth has developed over the years claiming just that - a myth that has now been repeated so many times that people take it for granted that it must be true. This applies just as much to its alleged off-screen influence on American society, such as the claim that it was Gene Roddenberry who broke the racial barriers in broadcasting by having a multi-racial crew at a time when blacks were not cast as regulars in network television programming. Now while Roddenberry certainly make a commendable stand against the network in his casting of Nichelle Nichols, his was not the only voice protesting against the invisibility of coloured people on TV. After all, by the time of Star Trek's debut Bill Cosby had been starring in I-Spy for almost a year - not only was he the first black actor to take a leading role in a drama series, but he would also land three Emmy awards for it. And a matter of days after Trek's premiere, its sister show on the Desilu lot, Mission: Impossible, was first broadcast with Greg Morris co-starring as series regular Barney Collier, a high profile part that he would hold throughout the show's seven year run. (Desilu seems to have been quite an enlightened studio; in another twelve months its detective series Mannix would debut with black actress Gail Fisher in support.) Of course the presence of Lieutenant Uhura on the Enterprise bridge was of great symbolic importance but it is misleading to suggest Trek was the lone trailblazer for equal rights in Sixties television (and with the lowest ratings of the programmes mentioned above, you could argue it had the least contemporary impact). Certainly Nichelle Nichols was constantly frustrated by just how little she was given to do, to the point that she considered leaving at one stage - only a discussion with Dr Martin Luther King persuaded her to stay when he emphasized how important it was to have any visible black presence on television. Even the famous interracial kiss between Kirk and Uhura was not quite as daring as has been made out, since not only were they were forced into it by alien mind control, but Uhura was just about the only female the captain didn't normally show an interest in anyway. Mention of Kirk's 'Casanova' tendencies brings us to one of the more laughable claims about the original series - that it was some sort of standard bearer for womens' rights because it had female officers on the Enterprise. This is presumably in spite of the sheer blatant sexism inherent in its treatment of them. It is certainly embarrassing today to watch Kirk and Spock save the universe while being served coffee by Yeoman Rand clad in a skirt that reaches all the way down to the hip. Though not, of course, as embarrassing as the women in Lost in Space who did the laundry and cooked lunch! Actually, like most other sixties TV series, Trek was never overflowing with strong roles for women. Even Edith Keeler, the most memorable exception to this rule, turns out to be something less than the ideal advert for feminism since Roddenberry's rewrites of the *City on the Edge of Forever* script showed us what happens if you listen to a woman's silly ideas (incidentally it's amusing to note the number of devious manipulative females that turn up throughout the series in episodes such as *Amok Time, A Private Little War, Turnabout Intruder* - an episode Roddenberry later acknowledged to be sexist - etc.) It is argued by the fans that matters would have been different if the female first officer from the *Cage* pilot had survived into the show proper, but looking at *The Cage* the character appears to be more like the stereotypical efficient secretary that secretly fancies her boss.

If there was one aspect of Star Trek you'd think fandom would have got sorted out by now it would be how Roddenberry arrived at the actual format of the series.

Most articles on the subject follow the usual mantra of describing how the programme was initially developed under the working title Wagon Train to the Stars. But the format of the Wagon Train TV series really bears no relation to *The Cage* pilot, let alone Trek proper, as it concerns a group of pioneer families being escorted through the Wild West in order to open up the frontier. In fact this sounds more like the *Star Wars* rip-off Battlestar Galactica, especially given the presence of ex-cowboy star Lorne Greene. The Wagon Train to the Stars idea was probably only ever used as a pitch to sell Trek to the network since the original version had topped the ratings for years - if there's one thing that television executives always like to hear, it's ideas for programmes that sound exactly like existing successes. A much more plausible template for Star Trek is the Horatio Hornblower series of novels written by C S Forester which were set on a Royal Navy warship during the Napoleonic wars. Roddenberry mentioned his enthusiasm for the Hornblower stories in several interviews and life on the Enterprise is so clearly modelled on naval lines. However the one TV show which had the most direct influence on Roddenberry's thinking is rarely mentioned in discussions on the series' origins. According to the indispensable *The Outer Limits: The Official Companion* he spent much time study this classic SF anthology show while planning Trek. In fact, not only did many of Limit' s production staff move straight on to Trek but several of the earlier show's plot ideas seem familiar. Now it should be stressed that Roddenberry himself did acknowledge this debt on many occasions, not least when he offered the producer's chair for Trek's third season to Joseph Stefano, the co-creator and driving force behind The Outer Limits. Although the offer was declined, Stefano would contribute to The Next Generation years later. (A more subtle reference can be found in *The Best of Both Worlds* - Wolf 359 not only being the site of the Federation's Alamo but also the title of a season two Outer Limits story.) The fans themselves must take the blame for perpetuating the aspects of the myth just described but Gene Roddenberry himself must be held responsible for the cornerstone of the Star Trek legend with his oft stated remarks about why he created the series: "I realised that by creating a separate world, a new world with new rules, I could make statements about sex, religion, Vietnam, unions, politics and intercontinental missiles. Indeed, we did make them on Star Trek; we were sending messages, and fortunately they all got by the network." This desire to use the medium of science fiction to make coded political statements about contemporary issues without being restricted by network interference sounds similar to the way Rod Serling was moved to create The Twilight Zone in response to having his scripts crassly rewritten to appease programme sponsors. Despite the Zone's regular lapses into the sentimental, Serling made full use of the medium's flexibility to create powerful indictments of the evils of Fascism (*Death's Head Revisited, He's Alive*), xenophobia (*The Monsters are Due on Maple Street*) and the horrors of warfare (*The Purple Testament, A Quality of Mercy*) while in *The Shelter* he paints a devastating portrait of an average American community transformed into an hysterical mob by a nuclear warfare alert - an episode Serling didn't even bother to pretend was science fiction. So how does this compare with what Gene Roddenberry achieved in Star Trek? Well, it has to be said that the majority of episodes appear content to be enjoyable and exciting SF adventures (*The Naked Time, Shore Leave, The Menagerie, The Doomsday Machine* to name just a few). Are there really any deep meaningful commentaries on the human condition lurking in their subtexts? On the other hand, it might be argued that the very existence of a multi-ethnic Federation demonstrated in each story conveys a message of optimism about the future of mankind and provides an example of how we can work together spreading peace and joy through the cosmos etc. But again the material does not really support this. The crew of the Enterprise isn't that diverse and once again Trek had already been outdone in these stakes by another network series - this time The Man from UNCLE which at the height of the Cold War made one of its co-heroes a Russian, two years before Chekov made navigator. As for the Federation itself, although it espoused noble peaceloving ideals (cf. the Prime Directive) which I suppose are meant to indicate it holds the status of an Interplanetary United Nations, in practice the attitudes displayed by its representatives seem more in keeping with a colonial power - as Shatner explained in a pre launch TV interview in 1966, "The Enterprise is a spaceship patrolling somewhere out there, in the same way the naval vessels of the 18th century patrolled the outer reaches of the Empire and we perform the same tasks, the dispensing of justice, medicine and war. We're assigned any mission that Earth might feel necessary."

An example of some gunboat diplomacy can be found in *A Taste of Armageddon*, where after being captured by the unfriendly natives, Kirk threatens that the Enterprise will annihilate the entire population of the planet Eminiar (totalling several hundred million people) under the authority of the Federation's 'General Order 24' if he is not released unharmed. Note the inference that this is a standard Starfleet procedure and while it might be a bluff, it is obviously a well established one, as Scotty issues warnings as if he were going to comply - and no bluff can be convincing unless there is reason to believe that it might be followed through (past incidents, for instance). In the final scene Kirk describes his action as 'a calculated risk' and the way it's played he could be referring to his safety or that of the populace. Also of interest in this episode is the character of the Federation Ambassador played by Gene Lyons, a career diplomat who makes himself a real pain in the neck on the bridge by pulling rank on the crew, (at one point he reminds Scottie that if he disobeys orders he can have him sent to a penal colony!) and whose policy of restraint in the face of alien provocation - "I'm sure they've got a good explanation for firing at us" - is contrasted unfavourably with Kirk's more Gung Ho attitude.

Nor is this an isolated example. Another classic illustration of James T's subtle approach can be seen in *A Private Little War*, written by Roddenberry himself, which sees the Klingons breaching the prime directive on a backward planet by supplying one of two competing stone age tribes with muskets, upsetting the delicate status quo (particularly since the rival bunch is so wimpish they make Thals look like skinheads). Kirk's solution is simple - give the same weapons to the other side with a commitment to continue the arms race indefinitely. "The only solution is a balance of power." This may be one of the episodes that surreptitiously dealt with the conflict in Vietnam, the subtext of the plot being carefully hidden by the writer in Kirk's speech justifying his decision to a horrified Dr McCoy - he mentions the "20th century brushwars on the asian continent", in which "two superpowers were involved....a bit like the Klingons and us" (Oh really? What a coincidence!), explaining how "one side couldn't be allowed to arm its friends with an overpowering weapon" and goes on to describe the "balance of power" as the only solution that preserves both sides. Still, he does at least agonize for a good five minutes before coming to this conclusion. "War isn't a good life....but it's life", as he succinctly sums it up.

A Private Little War was first broadcast on 2nd February 1968, virtually at the midpoint of the Vietnamese 'brushwar,' and Roddenberry could hardly have been unaware of the lengths the US military had been going to in order to help 'preserve both sides' with napalm, B-52s and indiscriminate massacres. Like the man says, we're doing this for their own good. (In contrast, Rod Serling spent the early months of that year making anti-war speeches at university campuses, no longer in possession of a TV show through which he could direct his anger) Oddly enough, Roddenberry would air a very similar theme just a month later in *The Omega Glory* which is even more heavy handed in its approach, with the blond blue-eyed 'Yangs' battling it out with the Mongoloid 'Comms'. It would be wrong to give away which side worships the American flag and treats the Constitution as a religious text, but suffice to say they turn out the winners. The only surprise is that they didn't bake an apple pie to celebrate. (Roddenberry would later admit that the story had been a little 'Over-patriotic'.) This episode is also notable for being one of the many Trek stories to make some oblique passing reference to a cataclysmic world war in the last years of the 20th century (so maybe the balance of power didn't work after all?) One of the most detailed outlines of what we can look forward to in just a few years time (actually, it should be starting any month…) was provided in *Space Seed*, when the Enterprise stumbles across the derelict ship Botany Bay. Inside is found the body of Khan Noonian Singh, a genetically engineered superman whom Spock describes as having been "absolute ruler of more than a quarter of your world from Asia through the Middle East" during the 1990s. He continues by portraying that time as a "strange violent period in your history - Earth was on the verge of the dark ages, whole populations were being bombed out of existence." Well, that certainly must have instilled a feeling of "hope for us all in viewers" - or at least the ones who subscribed to survivalist magazines and kept fallout shelters at the bottom of the garden! So the underlying subtext in these episodes is far from being the optimistic vision of humanity's survival that some fans seem to intensely believe in. If there are any implications to be drawn then they are ones that form a typical blueprint for right wing reactionaries - it's okay to escalate the arms race and fight surrogate wars in the third world because it maintains the 'balance of power' and the only solution is a strong opposition. Presumably this is what Roddenberry meant when he talked about making statements about "Vietnam, politics and intercontinental missiles… We were sending messages, and fortunately they all got by the network". I really doubt the network would have been overly concerned if they'd noticed. Certainly the establishment wouldn't have felt particularly threatened. Ditto for the 'statements' on religion that boil down to the non-appearance of a chaplain on the Enterprise in any of the 79 episodes. Not that Star Trek was any more pro-American than the rest of the programmes being broadcast on US television at that time you understand, (though one could much more easily make a case for The Invaders as a show containing messages on the state of American society), just that in political terms at least it was firmly in the mainstream and it really is pointless to pretend otherwise - after all, what difference does it make to its entertainment value or its status as the most successful science fiction series ever made? However, the show's hardcore devotees seem to feel the need to elevate Trek to an almost Messianic level, as can be seen by the overblown statements quoted at the beginning of this piece (some of which are from people who you'd think would know better, like the curator of art at the Smithsonian museum for example!). Fandom's attitude to Star Trek seems to have become an example of film director John Ford's axiom - "When it's a choice between facts and legend, print the legend." And although Roddenberry himself made some pretty silly remarks about Star Trek, even to the point of denying that Starfleet was ever meant to be a military academy (oh really!), he at least made clear on many occasions that Trek was never supposed to be a dream of mankind's future but a mirror of contemporary society.

I imagine that he must have become increasingly embarrassed at the escalating levels of hyperbole surrounding the series and this may have been a significant factor in his decision to launch The Next Generation, perhaps as an attempt to remake the original in the image of the legend. Certainly the moral and philosophical attitudes displayed in Star Trek - the Next Generation differ markedly from those of the original series. But as to whether those changes helped or hindered the success of the new programme, well that's another story…

Richard Fitzgerald

Mental Rape in Star Trek VI

WITHOUT A DOUBT, one of the most disturbing – and controversial – scenes in *Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country* (now available on video) showed the Spock/Valeris mind-meld which allowed the Enterprise crew to save the Federation President from assassination. Did this mind-meld constitute rape? I feel it did.

Before Spock fans across the globe start putting a price on my head, I shall explain further. Currently, the United States' legal definition of rape is that of sexual intercourse or "unnatural" sexual intercourse with a person or another, without consent, by force or threat of force. It involves any sort of penetration whatsoever (whether penile, digital, or with an object) of one's bodily orifices. Clearly Spock did not "rape" Lt. Valeris in this manner, but he did probe her mind without her consent. And Kim Cattrall, the actress who played Valeris, has said, "To me [the mind-meld] was rape — it was sexual rape."

Rape is also classified as a crime of anger, not of sexual passion/desire. Typically, a man asserts his dominance/power over a woman by penetrating her against her express wishes to the contrary. When Spock discovers that Valeris – someone he admired and trusted so much that he intended her to succeed him as Science Officer on the Enterprise – has betrayed him, he is understandably enraged; check the scene where he slaps the phaser from her hand if you doubt this. Before the mind-meld, Spock grabs Valeris by the right arm and spins her around after she refuses to divulge the identity of her co-conspirators. When she realizes his intent, Valeris backs away, but Spock pulls her close. She continues to struggle as Spock places his fingers on the areas of her face which initiate the mind-meld. The needed information – names of high-ranking Starfleet officers – tumbles from their lips, but not the peace conference's location. Assuming Valeris is mentally shielding this knowledge, Spock probes deeper. And deeper. And further still. Valeris moans in agony. "She does not know," Spock informs Kirk, leaving his would-be successor on the verge of tears. All this time, the Enterprise crew has watched this violation, and while Scotty and Uhura are clearly unnerved, they do not protest it.

I don't dispute that without the knowledge gained from this mind-meld, war would have erupted between the Federation and the Klingons. What I do protest, however, is the treatment of a Starfleet officer – albeit a traitorous one – in such a callous, primitive manner. Yes, Valeris betrayed the Federation by her actions. That still doesn't give Spock the right to invade her mind! In true Vulcan fashion, Spock outwardly expresses little remorse, but inwardly he grieves over his actions while meditating later. *The Search for Spock* and *The Voyage Home* both demonstrated the Enterprise crew's belief that the needs of the many don't always outweigh the needs of the few, but *The Undiscovered Country* effectively threw aside this philosophy through Spock's actions. Star Trek VI essentially said that it's all right to torture traitors under the right circumstances; one could also interpret this as reinforcing the ridiculous notion that some women, especially headstrong ones who don't bow down to men's demands, 'deserve' to be raped.

I wonder if this incident would have received a lot more attention if Saavik (once again played by Kirstie Alley) had been the traitor, as originally planned, instead of a new female Vulcan character that the fans didn't have enough time to like. It's well-known that Gene Roddenberry squashed this idea; apparently his vision of the future couldn't bear the thought of a well-liked character being a traitor. How ironic that Roddenberry felt this way about a character whose presence on the Enterprise he initially protested!

In all honesty, having Saavik as the traitor would have made much more sense (while her appearance would have given meaning to a series of references to *The Wrath of Khan* which seem meaningless as shown, such as the 'Thrusters in spacedock' scene.) Many of Valeris' actions — such as impulsively firing a phaser in the galley — were more appropriate of someone with Vulcan/Romulan heritage rather than a full-blooded Vulcan. *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan* introduced Saavik as a protegee of Spock's, a young officer who clearly had a crush on this father figure. Wouldn't it have been much more logical for Saavik to be Spock's choice as his successor rather than the hastily introduced Valeris? Their relationship took on a whole other dimension during *Star Trek III: The Search for Spock* when Spock was 'reborn' courtesy of the Genesis Planet. While Saavik tentatively explored a relationship of sorts with Kirk's son David, the Klingons killed him before anything could ensue. As Spock grew up at an accelerated rate, he began to go through ponn farr, the infamous 'once-every-seven-years-a-Vulcan-must-mate-or-die' routine. Presumably a Vulcan must mate with another Vulcan (although the Sarek/Amanda marriage may contradict this), and Saavik was the only Vulcan on the Genesis Planet so you draw the conclusion…

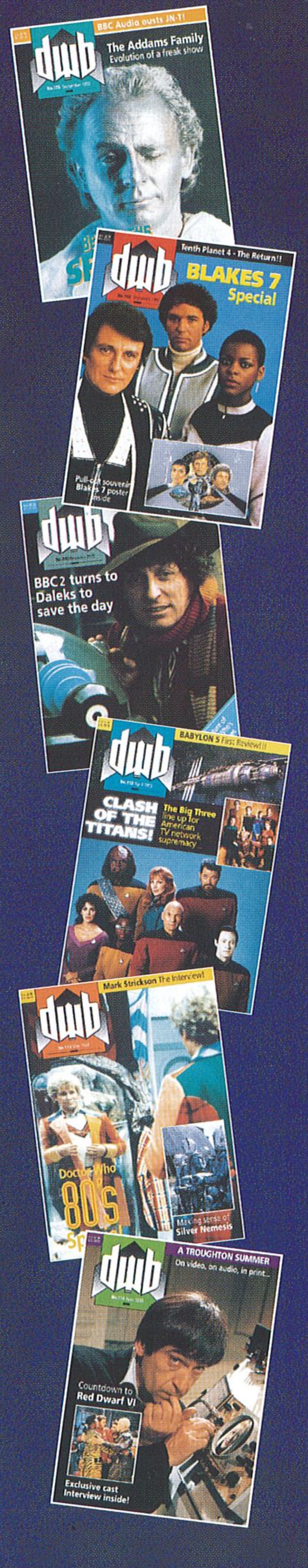
However. any chance to examine these consequences were dashed when the crew left Vulcan to travel back in time and retrieve two humpback whales to save Earth from a destructive probe in *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home*. There was much speculation as to why Saavik was left behind. Some whispered rumours about her 'condition'; was Saavik pregnant with Spock's child? A few years later Gene Roddenberry commented that he considered this to be the case, but no mention was made of this when Kirstie Alley was contacted to reprise the role she had originated in Star Trek VI. However, for unspecified reasons, the Cheers star declined this offer. Robin Curtis, who succeeded Alley in *Star Trek III* and *IV*, was not even asked, as Nicholas Meyer chose instead to turn to an actress he'd considered for the role in the first place. One final note on Saavik's fate: the Next Generation staff wanted Kirstie Alley to appear as Saavik in the fifth season episode *Cause and Effect* as the Bozeman's first officer, alongside her Cheers co-star Kelsey Grammer, but scheduling conflicts prevented this.

When Liverpool-born actress Kim Cattrall (*Police Academy, Bonfire of the Vanities*) was contacted, she was understandably not keen on playing a character two other people had previously portrayed. Cattrall suggested that her character's name be changed to Eris, after an ancient goddess of love; director Nicholas Meyer modified this to Valeris, which sounded more Vulcan. In her novelization of *Star Trek VI*, J. M. Dillard further explored the origins of Valeris' name, revealing it to be a word of Klingon origin. The novelization also delves into Valeris' history, detailing her friendship with Saavik and her parents' death at the Klingons' hands, giving the reader a great deal of insight into the reasoning behind her actions. However, as Kathleen Toth reported in DWB98, J. M. Dillard wrote the 'rape' scene before it was filmed. Consequently, the book has Spock telepathically asking permission to mind-meld, and Valeris permitting this unexpected courtesy. As a result, the mind-meld is shown as a thing of wonder and beauty, which leaves Valeris weeping tears of happiness, not pain.

Had Saavik been a co-conspirator instead of Valeris, the mind-meld would have had greatly different ramifications. It's been previously established that mind-melds are the highest forms of Vulcan intimacy, with the two individuals "leaving parts of themselves behind." I always got the impression that Saavik wanted this with Spock in the worst way; if this is so, then she should have been careful what she wished for, because she would have gotten it, in true 'the perverted wish' fashion.

If things had worked out this way, then the scene would have had greater significance. Instead of probing a hurriedly-introduced substitute Spock would have violated the genuine Saavik, which I'm sure would have prompted considerably more debate. Her betraying the Federation would have made a much greater impact: Saavik, the familiar character whom Spock took under his wing, a *traitor?!*, versus Valeris - some generic Vulcan we hardly care about a traitor? Not quite the same impact; wouldn't you agree? The reason I'm so disturbed about this one scene is that, to me, it violates everything that Star Trek stands for. Its characters are supposed to respect life in all its forms, and believe that life-forms have certain, inalienable 'human' rights, which, in Valeris' case, were flagrantly ignored. For all their heavy-handed ideals, Kirk and Spock came across in this instance as little better than the 'bad guys' they've been fighting all their lives.

John S Hall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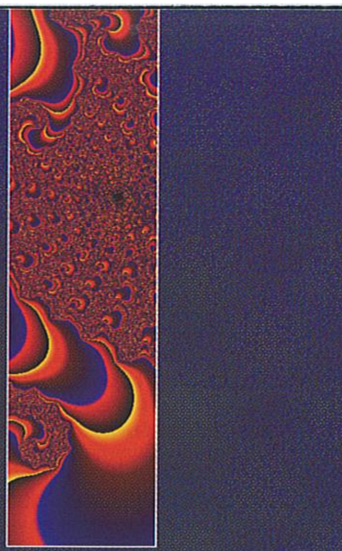

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*Source: Forbidden Planet Ltd.

Infinity Welcomes Careful Writers...?

THE SCENE opens with a close-up of a brush, daubing paint on the side of a spaceship hull. Accompanied by a slow, dramatic piece of music, the cam pulls back to reveal a solitary space-suited figure painting the hull. The camera pull backs further until the figure is no longer visible against the massive bulk of the mining ship. Written in huge letters along the side the ship is its name, Red Dwarf. The music reaches a crescendo...

Recent converts to BBC2's 'cult' comedy series Red Dwarf may be forgiven if they can't place that scene. A brief viewing of the unrepeated season one, soon to be available - belatedly in the wake of later seasons - on BBC Video, will reveal that this was the title sequence of all the episodes of that pioneering season, along with most episodes of the second. In more recent seasons, it has been replaced with a rushed sequence of clips accompanied by a faster re-arrangement of the theme - a trend almost certain to continue with season six.

Comparing the two sequences is an interesting exercise, because it highlights the change in the series that occurred at the start of season three - the original sequence is subtle. It's slow and doom-laden, not what you expect from a comedy series, but it has an impact and it tells you a lot about Red Dwarf - detailed, but not overstated, effects work hand-in-hand with mundane realism and a slight sense of loneliness. By contrast the various clip montages that open Red Dwarf III, Red Dwarf IV etc tell us that this is a fast, fun and furious programme - full of slapstick comedy, action and state-of-the-art effects. These titles lack the original's subtlety and impact, something which might equally apply to the episodes themselves. It's telling that, while most of the episodes of the first two seasons opened with a dry scene setting speech delivered by Norman Lovett's Holly ("the crew are dead, killed by a radiation leak," he informs us flatly), the production team on the later series didn't bother to re-record the scene with Hattie Hayridge (a pity - it might have given her something to do). Somewhere between seasons two and three, Red Dwarf went off at a tangent to its original direction. Seasons one and two are almost unrecognisable when compared to recent offerings. Now, I don't believe that the later seasons have matched the standards set by the first two - this isn't to suggest that the early episodes were perfection incarnate, nor that the later ones are entirely awful (some are, but others are very funny, and they have all featured their fair share of excellent one-liners), but certain qualities demonstrated in the early days of Red Dwarf have been missing of late. Personally, I would lay the blame, partly, at the feet of the writers - Rob Grant and Doug Naylor - and partly with the BBC and the series' independent producers, and their own perceptions of the Red Dwarf audience.

The Grant Naylor writing team is fairly good. They're in no way poor writers and they have a reasonable enough grasp of how to write good comedy (or good comic dialogue at least). Unfortunately, they don't seem to have much affinity with the SF ideas they use, nor do they understand how to make them funny. In the earlier seasons the SF elements were understated and actually worked well both as comedy and as serious SF, but as early as Season two, and more blatantly in later years, the series has been packed with overblown SF concepts which can only be taken as parody. A world where time is running backwards? A chemical process that creates limited doorways into the past? A world where famous historical figures and fictional characters have been recreated as wax robots? A time-travelling android that has decided to judge all life? Good luck is actually a virus which can be chemically refined? A device that can divide things into their good and evil components? Grant Naylor have done them all! Some of these concepts are strong enough to support an episode on their own (eg: *Timeslides, The Inquisitor*), but others, unfortunately, are not. Somehow Grant Naylor expect us to find these concepts hilarious in themselves just because they're SF ideas. So when the concept is a weak one, the episode which showcases it fails to work - as was the case with the truly awful *Backwards*. Worse still, Grant Naylor believe that because SF is 'not real', virtually any plot development, no matter how unlikely or improbable, is permissible. Take *Camille* as an example - the episode starts well, very much a spoof of Star Trek's *The Man Trap*, but towards the end the writers throw logic to the wind so that the remainder of the story can attempt tortuously to parallel the plot of *Casablanca*. Consequently the finished episode is marginally less plausible than *Time and the Rani*.

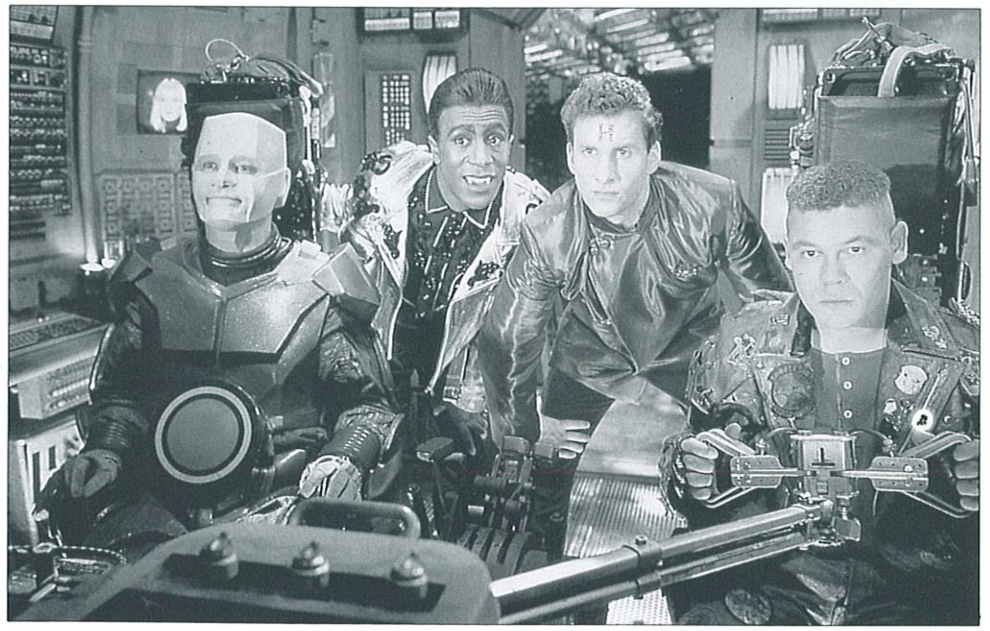
Occasionally Grant Naylor offer themselves less complicated, more plausible and potentially very funny SF scenarios that they proceed to studiously avoid. *The Inquisitor* could have been a hilarious tale of Lister and Kryten meeting 'better' versions of themselves, but this is brushed over. A similar idea was attempted in *Dimension Jump* but that rapidly degenerated into a Rimmer-is-a-miserable-obnoxious-git farce. *Body Swap* opens very well, offering the potential for the story of what happens when the mind of a female officer gets trapped in Lister's body (and the concept of the self-destruct sequence being wired into a food dispenser was worthy of an episode in itself), but abandons this in favour of another predictable 'nail Rimmer' exercise.

This brings me to a real problem with the writing in the later seasons. The chaotic use of SF ideas occurs throughout the series' history (with a higher budget, it might have begun with the first season). The mishandling of the characters definitely began with the third season. Only Lister comes out unaffected by the change. All the others suffer from a general absence of the subtlety and depth which made them so appealing in the first place. This has nothing to do with the standard of acting, which remains very high - Craig Charles. Chris Barrie and Danny John-Jules are all excellent. In fact Charles and Barrie have improved notably from the first season (Danny John-Jules' performance remains much the same, but how can you improve on perfection?). Robert Llewellyn and Hattie Hayridge both cope very well with the always difficult problem of stepping into another actor's role, though I have to admit a preference for the originals. The problem with the characters is definitely the work of Grant Naylor. This seems to be the result of a trade-off between the series' effects work and its character-based comedy. Someone has come to the conclusion that we, the audience, would rather have stock footage of Starbug screaming through space than any further development of Lister's character.

Holly has suffered particularly from lack of air time - Norman Lovett's Holly was a small but important part of Seasons one and two, his richly comic asides were a vital part of Red Dwarf's initial success. Lovett's roles were always small, but Hattie Hayridge's are virtually non-existent - Holly has a minimum of screen time and her scenes are rarely memorable. As mentioned earlier, the 'distress signal' message with which Norman Lovett introduced the series each week is greatly missed though I've no doubt the production team could have re-introduced it if they wanted to. Though Hattie Hayridge never gave a poor performance, I doubt she'll be missed following her imminent departure from the series - simply because we never really got to know 'her' Holly. It wouldn't surprise me if Grant Naylor take the opportunity of Hayridge's absence to dispose of the computer or at least its human form altogether, once and for all. Holly's minimal appearances may well be a side effect of the introduction of Kryten as a regular, conceptually similar to, but more 'substantial' than the computer. Kryten, in fact, comes off fairly well, though he bears little resemblance to the poignant one-off character from season two.

Where Holly suffers from neglect, Rimmer has been handled dreadfully these last three seasons. Rimmer, we are constantly told, is an obnoxious, loathsome, untrustworthy coward - a miserable failure of a man. This is fair enough - the classic comedy hall of fame is filled with such wretched characters, but Rimmer no longer has what it takes to join them. Grant Naylor seem to despise him as much as his companions do, and write for him as such. This isn't constructive writing. Contrary to the evidence of Red Dwarf, it is possible to write obnoxious characters of the likes of Rimmer in such a way that they become sympathetic rather than pathetic, and capture the imagination of the public. This can be done with skilful writing, imbuing the character with depth and good qualities alongside the bad (see Steptoe snr., Del Trotter or Major Winchester of the 4077th), or by surrounding them with grotesque, monstrous caricatures and impossibly frustrating situations (eg: Basil Fawlty). Neither apply in Rimmer's case. The constant string of insults, one-liners and put downs may be amusing at first, but it rapidly becomes tiring (which may explain why so few American comedy series, which tend to rely on the same devices, have gained a significant following over here). Worse, certain scripts seem to be tailored just to hammer home what an awful person Rimmer is (*Terrorform* being the most recent). This undermines one of the series' original premises - that the Rimmer hologram exists very much at the beck and call of Holly (emphasised in episodes such as *Balance Of Power*), and has been resurrected because, of all the dead crew, he is the only one who can keep Lister sane. By the time of *Dimension Jump* it's apparent that even Holly can't stand the sight of him, so why doesn't she just turn him off?

Now, it can be argued that Rimmer never really had much depth to start with, though I would point to episodes such as *Better Than Life* which did manage to treat him sympathetically. A worse casualty of the changes between seasons two and three was the Cat.



Red Dwarf V photo - Mike Vaughan.

The Cat is a startlingly original and hilarious character and was probably the best received aspect of season one. His show-stopping appearances in the early episodes were the highlights of that season, and I wasn't alone in being stunned by his initial appearance in *The End*. However, at that stage of the series, the Cat was a subordinate element of the episodes, relegated to 'supporting lead' status by the Lister-Rimmer double act. Given his popularity, it's not surprising that Grant Naylor saw fit to promote him to a position of prominence in later seasons. This was, I feel, a mistake. By placing the Cat in the foreground, many of the subtleties of the original character have been lost or diluted. By being placed in the limelight, the Cat has become less special, less unique - quite literally a case of having too much of a good thing. Nevertheless, he remains the best part of the series, ably portrayed by Danny John-Jules, and he still has the ability to bring an episode grinding to a halt in some hilarious scenes (for example, discovering that he is 'really' Dwaine Dibley is one of the comic highlights of Red Dwarf V).

In a way, this isn't the real problem. All these factors with the writing have obviously been building up for some time; it's coincidental that they began to converge around season three, and weak scripting is hardly symptomatic of seasons three to five alone (as the video release of *The End* will ably demonstrate). The real problem, I believe, lies with the way the series is perceived by its makers - the BBC and the independent producers (whatever they're calling themselves this week). Between 1988 and 1989, something changed in the way the series was made, and it's fairly apparent why.

Red Dwarf didn't exactly explode onto our screens. It was promoted more than, say, the most recent Season of Doctor Who at the time (Season twenty four), even getting some trailers on BBCl, but even this was fairly minimal. And the first episode (*The End* again) was something of a damp squib. Nevertheless, the series caught on, just as the equally well-hidden Hitch-Hiker's radio serials had caught on a decade earlier. It was, to the BBC's surprise, an instant success with respectable viewing figures by BBC2 standards. Immediately, and erroneously, the BBC decided that they had a 'cult' on their hands, and advertised the second season as such (the *Radio Times* article which opened the season is a case in point). This season was even more successful than the first and the BBC began to believe their own propaganda - they genuinely thought that Red Dwarf had a cult following. Rather than cancelling the series, slashing the lengths of the seasons and scheduling it opposite Coronation Street, as the BBC is wont to do with programmes of cult appeal, they decided to gear Red Dwarf towards this non-existent audience, perceiving it to be a predominantly SF-orientated cult rather than a comedy-orientated one.

The last three seasons of Red Dwarf look and feel as if they've been made for a select audience of dedicated 'sci-fi freaks' (witness Anne Robinson's derogatory remarks about the series only appealing to 30-year-old computer programmers). The emphasis has been on bizarre SF elements, special effects and fast-paced action, at the expense of characters and quiet, parochial storylines (which demonstrates that Red Dwarf's producers have a very crude - almost parodic - understanding of SF). At the same time the comedy became overblown in keeping with a shift towards a more spectacular series. Some of the series basic premises were quietly swept under the carpet because they didn't fit in with this new concept of 'fun' SF. The very serious background to the original comedy (the last man alive/stranded 3 million years from Earth elements) were junked, and are now referred to very rarely (indeed, given the number of crashed/derelict Earth spacecraft that Red Dwarf keeps running into, it's hard to believe that the ship has only just turned round for home). SF-parody elements were highlighted - the feeble *Aliens* spoof that was *Polymorph*, and the afore-mentioned lifts from *The Man Trap* being cases in point. Red Dwarf gained *Star Wars*-style SF and effects work to the detriment of the comedy and the characters. More sensibly, some of the 'supporting leads' were ushered into the limelight because they'd proved popular. Not surprisingly, the look, style and feel of the series was utterly changed between seasons two and three. In the process the series lost any of the elements which made it special in the first place.

The BBC still insist that the series has a cult following, but I'm not convinced. Readers of DWB may like it, but DWB is a magazine for general telefantasy fans. As far as I'm aware, there isn't a distinctive Red Dwarf fandom composed exclusively of Red Dwarf fans. I've seen articles on Red Dwarf in fanzines, I've seen adverts for conventions with Red Dwarf elements, but I've never seen a pure Red Dwarf fanzine or convention (The licensed Smegazine doesn't really count). Maybe I'm misinformed, but I don't think the Red Dwarf cult exists. I don't believe it's ever existed. The BBC and their contractors are making a product for a mythical audience, and while they still believe in it, we're unlikely to see any great change.

That said, Red Dwarf V saw a notable improvement in the quality of the scripting, and I hold high hopes that this trend will continue with Red Dwarf VI, whose running plot would seem to make some sort of return to the original harder approach necessary. What I, and, I think, many other regular viewers would appreciate is a greater depth to the characters, less concentration on effects work, and perhaps, a move back to the quieter style of earlier episodes. The characterisation of Rimmer desperately needs an overhaul, which should be given priority. In this way Red Dwarf might bring together and combine all the elements which made it successful, to become an SF/comedy series truly worthy of a cult following.

It'd be nice to have something like the original title sequence back as well.

Daniel O'Mahony

RED DWARF I

It's only when you rewatch the first season of Red Dwarf that you realise how many of its early strengths the series has abandoned, however much it may have gained in return. These early episodes look cheap and somewhat stagy, but there's a depth to the characters which fascinates, a strength to the scripting which impresses, and a subtlety to the music which creates a superb atmosphere. Oh, and there's also Norman Lovett's Holly, who has a presence it's easy to forget - until you see him again. Anyone who's taken on trust the myth that season one wasn't up to much is in for a pleasant surprise. It may not have the self-assured confidence with which season two was executed, but it's pretty good.

The End could not honestly be described as funny. It contains a few good lines, but the studio audience braying away throughout the opening scene deserve medals for services to comedy (or comedy producers). As drama however it's more successful, particularly in the "Everybody's dead, Dave" scene, and the sight of a **full** Red Dwarf gives it an unusual quality. But it's not a gem. **(5)**

Future Echoes, the series' first science fiction based episode not only boasts a more interesting concept than many of its successors, but also makes disturbingly effective use of it. Again lacking something in the comedy department, it's still a great episode. **(8)**

Balance of Power , completing the first tape, is an effectively little character piece, including one superbly poignant scene as Lister sits alone amongst his memories in the Dwarf's bar. As the only episode to concentrate upon the boredom and petty infighting likely to dominate the Dwarf, it's both unusual and a lot better than most people (Grant Naylor amongst them) would make out. **(6)**

Waiting for God, to my mind, is a great episode, concerning both Rimmer's investigation of a piece of space debris brought aboard the Dwarf, and Lister's attempts to discover more about the cats. The two plots are beautifully written to complement each other, the four characters interplay perfectly, and it all has a quality the laugh-a-minute episodes of later seasons can't match, for all their gloss. It's also rather touching, and it stylishly stretches the punchline over the end titles. **(8)**

Confidence and Paranoia has an outlandish SF concept worthy of the later seasons, but makes slightly different use of it, partly through its concentration on Lister, and partly through the different interplay of the characters, particularly the selfish Cat. Lee Cornes' performance as Paranoia is quite superb, and the climax to the episode carries a genuine sense of menace which also also demonstrates that the first season could come up with the effects' goods when it mattered. Plus, there's a superb punchline to this episode setting the scene for… **(7)**

Me^2. the episode where it all came together in the manner maintained throughout the superb second season. Seen today this episode is a revelation, in the unexpected depth and capacity to surprise of the characters of Lister and Rimmer, who both demonstrate that they're more than just stereotypes. Both funny and touching, this episode could hold its head high amongst the pick of Steptoe and Only Fools… And it also includes Holly's April Fool. What more could you ask for?**(9)**

Anthony Brown

Tape one released July 5th; tape two August.

Infinity Welcomes Careful Drivers

Laughing Stock Productions, narrated by Chris Barrie, price £7.99. ISBN 1 897774 10 9 (if ordering through bookshops).

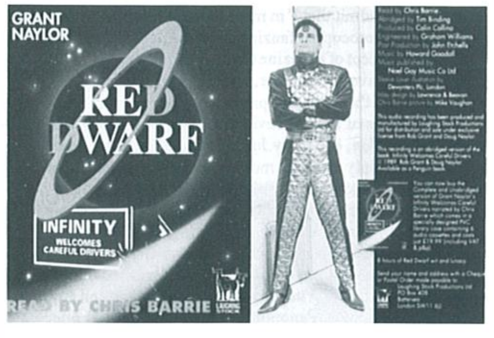
Infinity Welcomes Careful Drivers was the Red Dwarf novel by (Rob) Grant (and Doug) Naylor. Published in 1989, it went on to garner much acclaim for the way it neatly and effectively re-created the Red Dwarf universe for the printed page, and wasn't merely a collection of scripts with descriptive passages added. The novel has been warmly embraced by Laughing Stock Productions, who have decided to add it to the growing number of talking books that are taking over the shelves of bookshops and record shops. The choice of Chris Barrie to provide the narration is inspired - not only is Chris a member of the TV cast, but his prowess with the spoken word is unsurpassable. With ease, he slips into broad scouse to produce a near-perfect (although slightly too quiet and laid-back) impersonation of Craig Charles's Lister, whilst providing many of the lesser characters with clearly-defined characters - my favourite being the Madam of the Android brothel on Mimas. Cat is represented by a great James Brown type-voice that Danny John Jules would be proud of, whilst Kryten is definitely the Robert Llewellyn version.

The abridged version of the book runs to an impressive 180 minutes on two tapes, and contains a fairly complete version of the book. Most of the important scenes are intact, but it does lose the vital colour of the chapters based around *Future Echoes* and *Me*^{2}. The first two sides of the tapes concern itself with the events leading up to the accident that killed the crew of Red Dwarf, whilst most of the fourth side revolves around the events in the *Better than Life* game, giving the text something of an uneven balance, although these segments of original book where my favourites, so I am prepared to forgive any other omissions that have occurred to be able to include these sections so faithfully.

The success of this project (in its second week of release the tapes have shot from Number 18 to Number 5 in the WH Smiths Spoken word chart) will no doubt ensure that the proposed sequel - an audio version of *Better Than Life* the second Red Dwarf - will be available in August 1993.

However, for those who would like to have the whole book read word-for-word, Laughing Stock have made available the unabridged version, stretching over 6 cassettes, and coming packed in a smart library case. This costs £25.99 and is available by mail order only from: Laughing Stock Productions Ltd, PO Box 408, Battersea, London. SW11 6JJ.

Richard Molesworth



COMPETITION!

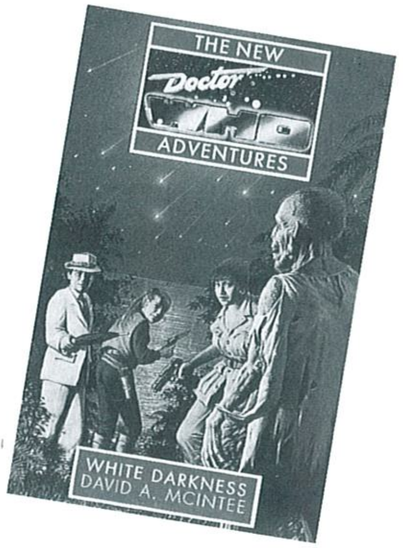
Those nice people at Laughing Stock have given us one copy of the unabridged version and five runners-up prizes of the two tape set to give away. To win a copy, simply answer the following questions.

1. What does the J in Arnold J Rimmer stand for?

2. In which episode of Red Dwarf does Mr Flibble appear?

Send your answers on a postcard, with your name and address to the editorial address. The correct first entry picked out of the hat will be sent a copy of the unabridged version of Infinity Welcomes Careful Drivers, with the five runners-up receiving the two-tape set. The closing date for this competition is 31st July 1993, and the editor's decision is final.

White Darkness



Virgin Books, £4.50

IN *WHITE DARKNESS* the TARDIS comes right back down to Earth after the science fiction of the Future History cycle, making a welcome landing in early twentieth century Haiti. Mixing an effectively atmospheric background drawn from historical events with a Lovecraftian storyline (a character from New England called Howard Phillips? What a coincidence…), it proves to be my kind of book. And very little sign of the *Live and Let Die* meets *The Evil Dead* rip-off I'd feared when a Doctor Who voodoo novel was announced.

Nicely written, with an intriguing introduction, *White Darkness* is very much updated but traditional Who following in the style of New Adventures such as *The Highest Science, Nightshade* and *Love and War*. Among the regular characters, the Doctor, not working according to some masterplan for once, is nicely handled, his traditional moral attitudes mixed with an effective use of his new role as guardian of the universe, as is Benny, who gets a better role here than she did in most of the New Adventures where she was the sole companion. After this and *The Highest Science*, however, she must be getting sick of dealing with drugs. Mention must also be made here of Captain Petion, another could-have-been companion with rather more potential than the somewhat played out Ace - a character whose brief absence has served only to harden her further towards becoming a killing machine, without opening up any fresh avenues for her development. Indeed, her character seems to have taken a major step backwards, with the most of her later character development suppressed by her new callousness (I have to admit that I've yet to read *Deceit* and *Lucifer Rising* - call it time off for good behaviour after a year of reviewing Who books - so maybe I'm making too general an assumption). That said, *White Darkness* does hint at developments which could be very interesting, but I very much doubt that they'll be pursued, partly because they'd change the character so much that she'd become useless to the writers and have to be written out, but mostly because the *Nightshade/Love and War* debacle demonstrated that liaison between New Adventures authors is so poor that this is unlikely to be planned foreshadowing. More generally, a moral military man such as Petion would be infinitely preferable to the increasingly murderous Ace if the Doctor just had armed companions to serve as his muscle. (God forbid that Kadiatu should return instead!)

Relatively few of the guest characters (who include the US President of the time!) are developed in great detail, but what depth they have is effective and well realised, their actions filling in the sketched frames consistently, and while rather too many minor characters are perhaps introduced willy nilly early on in the book, it's encouragingly difficult to spot which ones will actually turn out to have lead roles, and doubly pleasing that even those who do not eventually contribute something to the plot before departing. In that respect (and in the basic nature of its villains), *White Darkness* is probably what *The Pit* wanted to be.

Criticisms? Principally, that it's made clear *far* too soon that there *is* something in all this zombie nonsense. As a result, the more or less historically accurate accounts of the political infighting leading up to General Bobo's coup and the American Invasion come across as padding filling up the pages until the book gets going. A pity, as they would have been more than interesting enough to keep me reading had they been left centre-stage with the supernatural plot waiting rather more unobtrusively in the wings. And the journal of the murdered Frenchman which first makes this clear is written in a half-heartedly Lovecraftian style which is both too florid to realistically be the work of a man in fear of his life, and too similar to the book's normal narrative style to be the full blooded Lovecraftian pastiche it was perhaps meant to be (and should have been). It falls between two stools.

On the other hand there are some very nice touches. Star Trek novels have been including Who references for years, and *White Darkness* returns the favour, not only in the blatant form of Benny's wish for a tricorder, but also in references to the Rihannsu (it's the Romulan for Romulan), the Z Magnees Prize and the Old Ones of Exo Three (*What are Little Girls Made Of?*). As these references are made in passing, they cause no problems, and the last helps to add a little extra depth to the plot. There is also a very nice red herring regarding the villain introduced halfway through the plot which works beautifully and provides both a great "It can't be…" moment, and a nicely humorous moment once it's resolved. And finally, *White Darkness* is PC without ramming political correctness down the readers throat - the anti-racism is inherent in the selfish self-contradictory stupidity of the racists, not in any eulogisation of the Haitians. The Doctor's condemnation of Mait and his motivations is one of the best moments I've read in any Who novel.

To be honest, *White Darkness* has rather restored my faith in the New Adventures. There's nothing wrong with the hard-SF books we've been getting almost consistently since late last year - provided they form part of a balanced diet. But there's more to Doctor Who than just science fiction, and if the likes of *White Darkness* form one of the other courses on offer, then I'll be very happy. **(8)**

Anthony Brown

Printed Matters

FANZINES still come in as many different shapes and sizes as they used to as, glossy A4 to badly photocopied A5 with a single staple in the corner ... It doesn't really matter does it? After all, enthusiasm and content often make for a more enjoyable read than a glossy heap of predictable nothingness…

I have to admit that I'm more than a little fond of the home-produced photocopied fanzines, and think they're closer to the original concept of a fanzine than many of the semi-professional types and have a friendlier, more accessible nature. So after saying that, it's only appropriate that I should start the first in a regular series of fanzine reviews by taking a look at issues one and two of *Top*, edited by John Connors…

You certainly can't get much more home-produced, and dare I say tacky looking, than *Top*. I have to say I have never seen a layout as peculiar as this in a long time! In style and content *Top* is very reminiscent of the sadly resting *Purple Haze* so if you liked that, then *Top* is the fanzine for you! The topics encompassed within its strangely put together pages are wide to say the least, from Doctor Who, The Tomorrow People and *Explorers*, to Fan Olympiads, Panopticon and Marillion - all punctuated with strange pictures of Sea Devils, trees and Brett Anderson from Suede (not that I'll let that sway my judgement any…)

However, the best, and the most fascinatingly wonderful articles in both already strange issues of *Top* have to be the reviews of Daytime Television by Tat Wood, with Going for Gold, The Art of Landscape and The Home Cookery Club being just some of the diverse programmes mused over in his unique style.

This, coupled with the 'Believe It Or Not!' section on the back page - was Jeremy Bentham's Uncle the inventor of the tin opener? - and the Jean Luc Picard Useless Joke have to make *Top* 'Fanzine of the Month', (Well, that's if the expression isn't copyright Gary Russell…) **(8)**

Top available from: 8 Henley Road, Allerton, Liverpool, L18 2DW.

On to Issue 3 of *Remembrance*, put together by Robert Bradley and friends. Another photocopied A5 zine which could do with better typesetting. Whereas *Top*'s tacky layout fitted with its irreverent attitude, *Remembrance* is attempting to be as serious as *Top* is flippant, so the layout merely seems incongruous.

Despite this, there is enough enthusiasm present to almost counteract that effect. Well written articles on The Avengers by Alan Langley and The Prisoner by Daniel O'Mahony also help. However, I do get the feeling that everything could have gone a little further - the articles and features are very short and in general aren't very thought provoking. However, this is probably a great introduction for younger fans, or for those who have never delved into fanzine reading before. The wide coverage of telefantasy, and the friendly nature of the 'zine as a whole, also gets a thumbs up - just try to find some way of doing both sides of the pages in a photocopier, lads, as the glued together pages are pretty off-putting, and although the ideas are nice, the execution of the art-work could be better… **(4)**

Remembrance available from: 23 Lee Lane, Lanley, Heanor, Derbyshire. DE75 7BN.

Issue 18 of *Star Begotten* next, a 'zine where quality and content are always consistent. Highlights this issue are the concise and detailed coverage of Nigel Kneale's adaptation of 1984, The Water Walkers article by Keith Topping on the state of fan-fiction and the absolutely hilarious - although somewhat dated - Manopticon '91 review by Phil Packer which had me howling with laughter.

The only criticisms that I could level at SB are the number of rambling articles on video recorders, it's lack of spontaneity - it can seem slightly samey - and the sexist artwork in the inner back and front covers of this issue, one of Leela - by Kenneth Horlock - and one of, presumably, Tegan - by Mark Freshney. If it is Tegan, it's not a very good likeness, it was only the Australian flag draped around her that gave it away. Still, I think the only thing Mr. Freshney was concentrating on was Tegan's breasts. The same can be said of Mr. Horlock's artwork. Strange, that two different pictures by two different artists should be so thematically similar. Perhaps editor Nick Cooper is aspiring to a job on the *Sunday Sport*? The new issue of *Star Begotten* is in fact already available, except that it's no longer called *Star Begotten*, it's called *625* and covers an even wider range of TV programmes. So this is your last chance to sample the original mixture… Almost fanzine of the month **(7)**

SB available from: 31 Gipton Wood Ave, Oakwood, Leeds, West Yorks.

Now, I'll take a look at the first of the truly multi-media fanzines. *Top, Star Begotten* and especially *Remembrance* both seem to have their origins firmly planted in Doctor Who, however, issue 3 of *M3* only has one article orientated towards Who-Fans, and that's a review of Doctor Who local group newsletters. Even the title M3 originates from the 3 Ms for Multi-Media Magazine… Once you've got past that and managed to accept the stylized computer-generated pandas as mere editorial eccentricity, it's time to dive into articles on *Planet of the Apes*, Quatermass, Next Gen and numerous bits on Anderson related series.

As for the un-edited episode of ST-TNG, *The High Ground* has been readily available for quite a while now, the article detailing the cuts and giving an opinion on its allegedly IRA biased contents did seem a tad superfluous. The *Planet of the Apes* article was welcome and detailed coverage of a programme hardly touched by other publications, and the same can be said for the Quatermass piece. However, as you may have guessed from the *Star Begotten* review, I'm not too keen on articles about video recorders, or in the case of *M3* 'cinema sound in the house'… Yawn. Still, I'm sure that there are enough technically obsessed boffins out there who like nothing better! There was also a heavy emphasis on telefantasy merchandise which, if you're not interested can make a Kuala Lumpur telephone directory seem riveting…

I get the impression that the *M3* production team couldn't make up their mind to be terribly, terribly detached and professional in their style, or to try and be accessible to their readers, as the only really chatty and friendly section of the 'zine seems to be the 'waffle' page at the back… Still, never mind, the high production quality and the diversity of subjects covered goes at least half way to making up for this, although it lends the publication an air of conformity. M3 could also benefit from more internal artwork, as the majority of the scanned-in pictures look somewhat grainy and distorted. **(6)**

M3 available from: 35 Pinewood Park, Livingston, EH54 8NN.

If enquiring about any of the fanzines reviewed above, please remember to enclose an S.A.E. Fanzine editors tend to be impoverished enough without having to buy stamps…

In the next fanzine column, I'll be taking a look at another pile of fanzines including *Top 3, 625, CT* (no, not that one! I mean *Club Tropicana*) and *Paisley Pattern*.

Amanda Murray

"Those are old standards - a man's word being his bond, contracts, treaties. Things like that don't apply any more; you just do or say whatever's expedient. There are no Queensbury rules for survival."

SURVIVORS

Gone to the Angels, Garland's War.

AS THE TITLE suggests this is the God episode (see the forthcoming article "It's the End of the World as we know it"). Abby and co go into the hills to meet a group of Christian recluses who they think might know where Peter is, and accidentally kill them. With *Gone to the Angels* a number of peripatiea are reached. The episode is definitely a turning point. Following her meeting with Charles in *Corn Dolly* Abby is starting to be persuaded that searching for Peter is a lost cause. They finally decide to quit (although it is a couple of leads later before they really give up). Instead, the episode ends with Abby holding the hands of two other children, John & Lizzy (played by Tanya Ronder and Stephen Dudley, offspring of the series' script editor and producer respectively) who will be a semi-regular part of the line up from now on.

Also in this episode is Peter Miles, playing a role as far removed as is imaginable from his Who one of the same year. Terrified by his run-in with Wormley's British Government he accidentally shoots Greg in the arm, conveniently enabling Abby to go off on her own while he recovers ("I told you five days would do it."). It is not only in Blake's 7 that Nation called upon this rather crass dual plotting. In Survivors, however, it works rather better. In the chaotic world after the Death it seems much more reasonable to break the group up for different encounters. The survivors' world is much more interesting and full of desperate people than the Federation's. No one is disinterested to meet them.

The meeting with Miles is one of a number of hints that the group is about to settle down. They don't this time. It also sees what will be a typical instance of things going wrong for the group as their chickens get savaged by the children's dog. Many a later episode will begin with the discovery of a set-back of one kind or another.

Here, the major set-back of the story lies in the discovery by our band that, having had the disease, they are now carriers and will pass it on to anyone who has not been previously infected. Thus it is that the Angels of the title come to snuff it. From now on the first words anyone says to anyone else are to confirm they have been ill. Another turning point: although they had thought this problem was behind them, it isn't.

The point here is that the Angels retreated to the hills before the Death came. They had, it seems, been warned by God. Right. There is a lot of terribly insipid theology in this episode and the faith of the Angels, though inspiring, is a bit misguided. Robert (or Michael - the names get all muddled up but one of them is played by Sheriff-to-be Nickolas Grace) tells John that the only miracles they perform are little ones, like being kind when you feel angry. Pass the vomit bag…

Abby gets no satisfactory answer to her question as to why God allows this kind of thing to happen. This is hardly surprising. Nation is not likely to answer in fifty minutes a question theologians have spent centuries grappling with. Abby asks if they died because they didn't love God (which will not be the case); the Angels die even though they did, and still do, even at the end. This is comforting - at least the central idea is that it is our duty to love God, rather than to be pleased that he loves us. Nevertheless the point, it is clear, is to say that all this God stuff can be dispensed with. The Angels are just another group Abby and co. meet along the way who have got it wrong and end up either dead or abandoned. Like the Miles character, whose survival strategy is clearly off beam. **(7)**

Similarly considered nuts is Peter Jeffrey's Knox. It was inevitable that Jeffrey would turn up somewhere in Survivors - he gets everywhere and is as unsavoury here as might be expected (incidentally he turned up not long ago with Nick Courtney as the head of a very UNIT-like set-up - the Religious Manifestations Division - in *Nightmare World*, an intriguing if rather improbable World Service play by Wally K Daly). Knox has taken charge, as people tend to in Survivors, of a large country house and set up a community there. The owner of the house, the eponymous Jimmy Garland, is fighting a one-man guerilla campaign to get it back.

Garland's War is a good demonstration of how the line between good and bad in Survivors tends to be quite blurred. Knox is not a power-crazed psychopath. He may not be a man of honour but he is trying to do his best. It just happens that he and Garland disagree about the way to do things and one thing that everyone in the series usually agrees upon is that things like ownership and heredity don't count for much any more. Indeed, by the series' standards, and by those that Greg tends to espouse, Garland's plans are pretty unreasonable. If, once the Abby/Greg/Jenny group had got settled, someone like Garland had turned up there is no doubt that he would have been despatched in short order.

Garland is the one who feels fine at the end of the world - he reappears in the final episode of the season to take Abby off into the dangerous sunset, never to be heard of again - in the novel he is not so lucky, dying off-screen between chapters. He also makes a point that would have sat better in *Gone to the Angels*, to whit "suffering isn't magnified because millions of people are inflicted with it". Quite so. Greg and Jenny, having bluffed their relationship in the previous episode, are now established as a couple. Garland is played by Richard Heffer and Dennis Chinnery, the second *Genesis of the Daleks* actor in two episodes, pops up briefly.

Unusually for Survivors this episode suffers from some very very obvious studio exteriors, and the heavy-handed attempt to shoot the surrounding location work in as brutal a close-up highlights rather than disguises the fact. On the whole this kind of shoddy production is not a problem with the series but *Garland's War* under-ran, necessitating some padding which had to be shot in studio.**(7)**

Peter Linford

DRAGGED FROM THE ARCHIVES II

When we ran DRAGGED FROM THE ARCHIVES in DWB110 it turned out to be the most over-subscribed offer DWB has ever run, and reluctantly we had to return many of the orders we received. The demand for vintage DWB back issues has prompted us to reprint issues 1-9 as one of our tenth anniversary publications later in the year, but in the meantime we have acquired a further selection of old issues which won't be available in our general back issue promotion in DWB116. In fact this is the last opportunity you may have to purchase many of the issues detailed below, which we are again offering on a first come, first served basis. The prices include postage and packing in recycled cardboard envelopes, and cheques/POs should be made payable to 'Dreamwatch Publishing'. To aid the processing of your order, do not fill in the total if sending a cheque, instead in between the vertical lines crossing your cheque write "Not to exceed…" followed by the total. This will avoid credit notes having to be issued in the likelihood that certain issues will be oversubscribed. For orders below £10, please include a 25p clearing charge. Please send you order to **DWB Archives Offer, PO Box 1015, Brighton, BN2 2YU** and allow up to 14 days for delivery.

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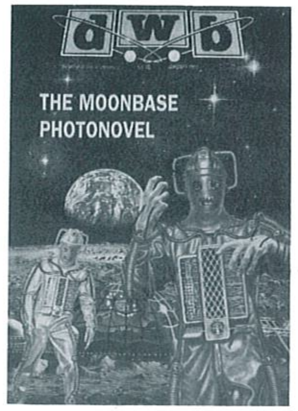


CLASSIC COMICS
DOCTOR WHO
DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
PLANET OF THE DALEKS

Above: Covers for the latest editions of Marvel's Doctor Who Magazine, and the Doctor Who Collected Comics.

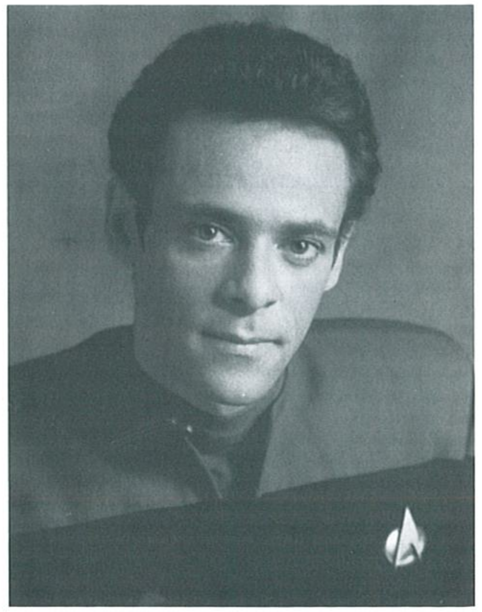
STAR TREK
DEEP SPACE NINE

7)**Q-Less** 13th February 1993

Teleplay by Robert Hewitt Wolfe; Story by Hannah Louise Shearer; Director Paul Lynch; Music Dennis MacCarthy; Visual Effects Supervisor Gary Hutzel.

Some more familiar faces from The Next Generation turn up at DS9 and Q is not reluctant to make unfavourable comparisons with Picard and the Enterprise.

Dax has difficulty piloting the runabout Ganges back into DS9 from a trip through the wormhole. Systems are failing all over the craft and they can't even get the airlock opened once they are docked. The occupants nearly suffocate before O'Brien and Sisko force the doors open. One of the occupants is quite unexpected – Vash has hitched a ride back from the Gamma Quadrant. O'Brien recognizes her from the Enterprise and is startled to learn she has been in the Gamma Quadrant for over two years, when no humans were thought to have travelled there before the discovery of the wormhole. She cryptically tells him that 'a friend' dropped her off. O'Brien is not aware that she left the Enterprise in the company of Q. Doctor Bashir becomes quickly enamoured of Vash and tries to charm her as he gives her a physical. He is disappointed that she is in perfect health and has no reason to see him again. Sisko's interest is more professional. He too cannot understand how she could have been on the other side of the wormhole when she told Dax she did not even know the passage existed. Dax does mention that Vash claims to be some sort of archeologist. Vash has not just been seeing the sights. She drops off a number of ancient artifacts and jewels for storage at the assay office on DS9, including a mysterious quartz unlike anything anyone has ever seen before. She tells Sisko that she wants to leave right away but tries to persuade her to accept an offer from the Daystrom Institute to visit Earth and lecture on her experiences in the unexplored territory beyond the wormhole. She finds this ironic as the director of the Institute got her suspended twice from the Archeological Council for selling artifacts. However, she has not been back on Earth for 12 years and the idea begins to appeal to her. O'Brien examines the Ganges but can find no cause for the malfunctions on the runabout other than a massive and unexplained power drain. Sisko discusses Vash with O'Brien and is surprised to learn that she and Captain Picard were intimate, since Sisko doesn't think she seems his type. Their attention is redirected from Vash once DS9 begins to experience power malfunctions of its own. Vash has been assigned quarters for the evening and no sooner starts to unpack her bag then Q appears and demands to know if she is pining away for Picard. They proceed to argue over who left whom, but the point as far as Q is concerned is that he is back and expects her to go away with him again. Vash says he is arrogant, overbearing and thinks he knows everything – and the fact that he does know everything only makes it worse. She says she will never go anywhere with him again. Q refuses to believe that and belittles the life she led before they met. Quark arrives to break up this domestic squabble and Q vanishes for the moment while Quark tries to get Vash to auction off her treasures at his bar to a group of buyers he can provide – for a cut of the profits. She proves to know a Ferengi's weak points and they strike a bargain. Quark is followed immediately by Bashir, who wants to buy her dinner. She agrees to meet him in Quark's and sends him away so Q can reappear and complain about these disgusting mating rituals. He reappears as a waiter and warns Bashir to stay away from Vash. He is spotted there by O'Brien, who warns Sisko that the omnipotent menace who has heretofore plagued Picard is on the station. O'Brien is sure Q must be responsible for the power failures. When Sisko confronts Vash, Q appears and begins to insult the Commander, denying that he has anything to do with the power problem. He makes everyone else disappear and Sisko immediately threatens him. Q responds by dressing them as 19th century fighters and brings the crowd back for their match. To his surprise, Sisko hits him, something Picard never allowed himself to be provoked into doing. Which starts Q on an endless train of unfavourable comparisons between DS9 and the Enterprise. He warns Vash that the Galaxy can be a very dangerous place on your own. As the power outages become critical he continues to protest his innocence – and tells everyone that Picard and his lackeys would have solved this hours ago…



Above: Lt Jadzia Dax(Terry Farrell)
Right: Dr Julian Bashir (Siddig El Fadil) (©Paramount)

The slender plot is simply a device for putting Q into what amounts to a domestic comedy with he and Vash playing feuding lovers whether they have actually had such a relationship or not. Her sudden yearning for respectability and home is offset by the profits Quark can offer, but she remains adamant about not hitting the road again with Q. The antagonism between Sisko and Q shows no potential to assume the same fascination for the galactic gadfly as his meeting with his "dear friend" Jean-Luc. Odo might be a better foil for him, but they do not meet. John de Lancie and Jennifer Hetrick return as Q and Vash. Vash was last seen in the fourth season TNG episode *Q-Pid*, where she met Q. **(6)**

8)**Dax** 20th February 1993

Teleplay by D.C.Fontana and Peter Allan Fields; Story by Peter Allan Fields; Director David Carson; Music Jay Chattaway; Visual·Effects Supervisor Robert Legato

The time has come to resolve some of those disturbing aspects of Trill merger touched upon in *The Host*, and perhaps explore Dax's past relationships. And Star Trek's penchant for legal-themed stories comes to the fore again.

Chief O'Brien is away from the station visiting Earth so the rest of the staff is hard pressed to keep the equipment up and running. But Bashir still finds time to pursue Jadzia Dax. The Trill seems more amused than annoyed by his persistence, reminding him again that Trills place less importance on sexual relationships than humans do. She excuses herself to go to her quarters and he follows in time to discover three aliens in the act of kidnapping Dax. He cannot stop them but alerts Sisko in time to try and catch them. The station staff quickly discover the intruders have detailed knowledge of the station layout and all their security systems. They barely manage to prevent their ship from warping away. The leader of the returned kidnappers is entirely unshaken and unrepentant, however. He presents a warrant and says he is here to return Dax to his home world to stand trial for treason and murder. Sisko is even more shocked to learn that the crimes occurred 30 years ago, when Dax was the male Curzon Dax. At that time, Curzon Dax was serving as a mediator on Keilstron 4 and was a good friend of the general he is accused of betraying to his enemies.

Sisko tells Odo that Curzon had more faults than the usual socially acceptable Trill - which was why he liked him so much - but he was no murderer. He is temporarily at least able to forestall extradition by pointing out that it is Bajor, not the Federation, which controls DS9 and there is no treaty between Keilstron 4 and Bajor. Speaking on behalf of the Bajorans, Kira expresses displeasure at the obvious assistance the intruders must have received from Cardassians to have so much information on the station. There will have to be a hearing to decide if the request for extradition should be accepted, but the leader of the Keilstron delegation is quite adamant. The general was his father, although he never knew him, and he is obsessed with returning Dax for trial. However, Dax is not prepared to give Sisko any help in her own defense even though she would face a death penalty if tried on Keilstron. She simply says she cannot talk about it.

Sisko dispatches a rather reluctant Odo to Keilstron 4 to find out all he can about the crime as quickly as he can. The hearing gets under way before a tart-tongued Bajoran arbiter who warns both parties not to waste her time. The delay in pressing charges is explained by the fact that evidence was only recently discovered when sealed military files were opened up. The general, in death, became a great national hero and a martyr to his troops when he was killed in an ambush during the civil war. Dax is accused of transmitting an intercepted message revealing the general's route to his enemies. Sisko's defense rests upon the principle that Jadzia Dax is a completely different person and cannot therefore, be made to answer for crimes allegedly committed by a previous incarnation. Expert testimony establishes that there is a complete and voluntary merger of host and Trill to form a unique entity that is a blend of both, yet it is also true that all the memories of the prior lives are retained and that the portion of the joined brain waves that can be attributed to the Trill implant remains the same through successive incarnations.

Odo reports back to Sisko that everyone said that the general and Dax were the closest of friends. He intends to visit the widow, in the hope that she knows something. Without Dax's testimony the hearing must end soon and it is impossible to guess what the arbiter will decide…

Anne Haney gives a strong performance as the arbiter, a character quite different from the delicate woman she played in the third season story, *The Survivors*. Gregory Itzin is the vengeful Tandro and Fionnula Flanagan is Enina, the widow of the general. In *The Host*, the TNG episode that introduced Trills in the form of an ambassador who has an affair with Beverley Crusher without telling her his true nature, there is more than a hint that the hosts are completely submerged by the implanted Trill and that the humanoids may in fact be raised by the Trills as carriers for the implanted Trill. All those ethically disturbing questions are tidied up in this episode, at the cost of some consistency. A more unresolved issue is, how much of an actress is Terry Farrell? Dax has mostly had to look alluring while fending off advances from most of the men of the station (another consistency problem since Curzon Dax is portrayed at all times as quite a ladies man). Some have questioned how much acting ability Farrell, a former model, brings to the part. This episode, which might be thought to feature her, in fact gives her little to do since Dax chooses to remain passive and reveal nothing. Instead, Haney and Flanagan get most of the dramatics. **(6)**

9)**The Passenger** 27th February 1993

Teleplay by Morgan Gendel and Robert Hewitt Wolfe & Michael Piller; Story by Morgan Gendel; Director Paul Lynch; Music Dennis McCarthy; Visual Effects Supervisor Gary Hutzel.

No one should be in the dark for more than a few minutes when it comes to figuring out where this fugitive is.

Kira and Dr. Bashir are returning to DS9 in one of the runabouts when they pick up a distress call from some type of transport ship. Sensors indicate that a major power coupling rupture is allowing toxic gas to reach dangerous levels in the alien ship. They beam aboard to look for survivors and find a woman barely conscious and the pilot dead. Bashir also discovers faint life signs coming from inside a sealed chamber and decides to force an entry, although the woman protests that the prisoner within is very dangerous and started this fire to escape.

The Doctor finds a dying man who seems unconscious until he suddenly grabs Bashir by the throat and cries "make me live" before slumping lifelessly to the deck. The survivor and the bodies are beamed back to the Rio Grande for the journey to DS9. Bashir revives the woman in his surgery and learns she is a security officer named Ty Kajada who has spent 20 years tracking the dead criminal, Vantika. He was a brilliant scientist who turned his talents to theft and murder. He has faked death before so Kajada insists that the remains be exhaustively tested for any residual brain activity and to establish identity beyond any doubt.

DS9's security officer is pursuing his personal obsession. He goes to Quark's to ridicule the Ferengi's attentions to Dax – and to warn him not to try to tamper with a valuable shipment of a rare mineral which is about to arrive from the Gamma Quadrant. Their conversation is overheard by Lt. Primmin, newly assigned from Starfleet Security, who is outraged that Odo would reveal information about the shipment to the local black market. Odo is equally upset that Primmin wants to go over his security plans for the shipment.

Bashir, Sisko and the rest of the staff believe the autopsy leaves no doubt that it is indeed Vantika who has died, even if Kajada cannot be entirely convinced. Sisko is more concerned that the master criminal may have-arranged to have associates meet him on the station in the hope of stealing the shipment. Odo and Primmin discover that the space station's computer memory has been accessed and purged, which should be impossible. Kajada announces that Vantika has done this same thing before. She is convinced that he is alive and on DS9. Sisko believes it is an accomplice using a prearranged plan but orders them to operate temporarily under the assumption that Vantika is alive.

Station security threatens to be a house divided until Sisko takes Primmin to task - reminding him this is not a Federation station - and tells Odo he is in charge of any joint operations. Meanwhile, Quark is accosted after hours by a heavily cloaked figure who demands to know if he has hired the mercenaries and made all the preparations as arranged. Quark is astonished, telling the unseen intruder that he cannot be Vantika, because he is dead. His visitor says that is not quite true…

Caitlin Brown is Kajada, played with the requisite Michael Westmore bumpy forehead. James Harper is Vantika. James Lashly makes the first of several appearances as Lt. Primmin, a by the book Starfleet security officer. This episode was generally ridiculed for its transparent plot but supplies the most vivid evidence to date of Quark's willingness to indulge in illegal activities if the risk to himself appears small. **(4)**

10)**Move Along Home** 20th March 1993

Teleplay by Frederick Rappaport and Lisa Rich & Jeanne Carrigan-Fauci; Story Michael Piller; Director David Carson; Music Dennis McCarthy; Visual Effects by Robert Legato.

The prize winner as least liked episode did win points for the alien make-up – blue markings like tattoos on the forehead replaced the endlessly varied contours of other alien races…along with just a hint of Q's predilection for placing humans in awkward circumstances.

Sisko orders all his officers to turn out in dress uniform to meet the first new species to make a formal first contact visit to DS9 from the other side of the wormhole. A colourful band of tall beings known as The Wahdi arrive in a state of some excitement, but to Sisko's chagrin they brush past his official greeting in search of a place called Quark's where they have heard they can gamble.

The evening finds the Starfleet personnel cooling their heels on the sidelines while the Wahdi examine the unfamiliar games of chance in Quark's casino. Quark is happy to play host, as long as he can find out if they have money. He recognizes their love of games as a business opportunity and tries to talk to them about a franchising operation in the Gamma Quadrant. He starts to teach them dahbo, but learns they are very adept at picking up new games. The only problem is finding something they can wager. He rejects most of their offerings until they open a large bag of gem stones.

Quark joins Sisko in gloomy conversation as the Wahdi win again and again at his gaming tables. Sisko finally announces he has had it for the evening and is going home. As soon as he leaves Quark orders one of his men to fix the game so the Wahdi start to loose. However the aliens are not fooled and Quark is caught with a bar full of unhappy customers. The Wahdi demand that he play a new game – an honest game. Their leader, Falow, opens a box and a large multilevel game board magically appears on the table. Falow tells Quark he has four players and he may start them at the second level. As four pieces are placed near the top of the tall board, Commander Sisko awakens to find he is no longer in bed but, rather, lying on the floor in a strange place. He gets no response to his communicator and so starts examining the many doors and corridors around him. Behind one of the doors, Falow appears and tells him to "move along home" before disappearing again. As he explores the area, he also finds Dax, Kira and Bashir, none of whom have any idea how they got here.

Odo begins to realise that the senior officers are missing when Jake comes looking for his father in the morning. The computer reports that none of them are on DS9, yet there is no record of them leaving on any ship. Falow asks Quark how much he wishes to risk on his first roll of the dice but won't tell him anything more about the game, saying you are required to learn as you play. After Quark rolls, Falow announces that his players will meet the Chandra.

Sisko and the others are able to open a door after they hear a child saying a rhyme. They discover they cannot cross the room to another exit without encountering a painful barrier, but the child moves easily back and forth jumping from various squares. They negotiate the room and move on. Falow tells Odo he has reached the third level and must choose the path his pieces will follow. He can choose to double the peril and double his winnings if he likes, but if none of his players makes it home he will lose everything he has won along the way. Quark's decision is made infinitely more difficult by the arrival of Odo, who is seeking the four missing officers. Quark suddenly senses that his four players are somehow the missing people and refuses to choose a path for them, trying to get Odo to take his place in the game instead. He insists he can't assume this kind of responsibility, but the Wahdi will not allow him to withdraw and if he stops the game he will lose his players. Ultimately, the Ferengi tells them he chooses the safer path.

Sisko, Dax, Kira and Bashir stumble upon what seems to be a party. The Wahdi are laughing and drinking amid trays of food and tall glasses, but no one will answer any of their questions. Suddenly, the room begins to fill with suffocating smoke…

Quark's extreme distress over what may be happening to the missing people seems at odds with the Laws of Acquisition, but does make for the best moments in the story as he grovels and begs to be allowed out of the game. However, the challenges the players encounter seem far too simple for the seriousness the game seems to have for the Wahdi. Joel Brooks is Falow and Clara Bryant is the Chandra. James Lashly appears again as Lt. Primmin. **(3)**

11)**The Nagus** 27th March 1993

Teleplay by Ira Steven Behr; Story by David Livingston; Director David Livingston; Music John Debney; Visual Effects Supervisor Gary Hutzel.

The Ferengi continue to be the most fertile ground for DS9 stories with this epic of avarice – and lobe jokes – as the space station is nearly overrun with powerful Ferengi merchants and their special rules of free enterprise.

Business begins at Quark's with no hint of the great events moving towards them. Quark berates his brother Rom as a "tiny-eared fool" and passes the most unpleasant jobs onto him. Rom in turn berates his son Nog and passes the chores on down the line. An exceedingly old Ferengi with enormous ears arrives surrounded by a retinue and Quark is startled to find himself in the presence of The Nagus, the long time leader of the most powerful Ferengi business cartel. Grand Nagus Zek has business to discuss, but first he wants to make use of all of Quark's most invigorating holodeck programs, despite Quark's concern that the old man might injure himself. Rom is pleased at the honour of having the Nagus in the bar, but Quark is convinced the Nagus has come to take over the bar and will force him to sell the profitable business.

Quark's fears are only slightly allayed when an exhausted but happy Zek returns and merely asks to use the bar for a conference on the next day to discuss the future of Ferengi interests in the Gamma Quadrant. Zek also invites himself to dinner and is appalled to learn during the meal that Nog is attending school. The embarrassed Rom immediately orders his son to stop wasting time and never go back to school again. Jake Sisko is shocked to learn that his friend Nog will not be allowed to come to school any more, especially as he knows Nog cannot read and will never learn on his own. Nog becomes angry and tells him it is impossible for Ferengis and humans to be friends, something Jake's father has tried to tell his son more than once. Quark's bar fills up the next day with quarrelsome Ferengi, all expecting to be the one named as the next Nagus when the time comes. Quark is surprised to be asked to stay behind for the meeting. Zek outlines the advantages that will be theirs in the Gamma Quadrant – no one has had time yet to ruin their reputation so the quadrant is open for Ferengi business exploitation under the right leadership. The audience proclaims that leader is Zek, but he announces that he no longer has the strength for the job and plans to retire. His last act is to appoint his successor - Quark. The assembled Ferengi are generally outraged by this unexpected choice, especially Zek's son. But Zek points to Quark's business genius in acquiring the bar on DS9 before anyone knew the wormhole existed as proof that he "has the ears" for the job. Quark's delight quickly turns to concern when one of the powerful Ferengi offers to be his friend and protect him from someone who would harm him…in exchange for the most lucrative opportunities in the new quadrant. He recalls that Zek had guards and a food taster, and the position is suddenly not so appealing. He goes to Zek for advise, and hopes to get him to resume the position of Grand Nagus, but Zek dies while planning his first vacation in 85 years. The behaviour of the guests at the memorial service prompts Quark to tell his brother that he wants him to be his bodyguard, because he is the only one he can trust. But Rom had assumed he would now be running the bar – a prospect that Quark ridicules unmercifully. When the first attempt is made to kill Quark, there is no shortage of suspects…

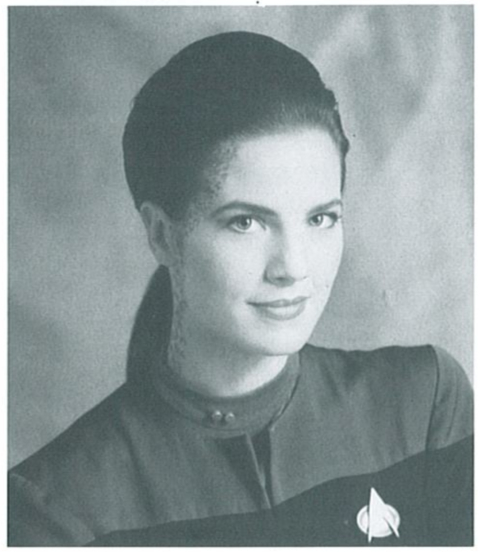
Wallace Shawn, the diminutive actor known for roles in *The Princess Bride* and *My Dinner with Andre*, turns in a bravura performance as the ultimate Ferengi, The Grand Nagus. Lou Wagner and Barry Gordon are major Ferengi contenders for control of Zek's empire. Aron Eisenberg and Max Grodenchik appear again as Quark's much abused relatives Nog and Rom. Ciroc Lofton is Jake Sisko. Lofton and Eisenberg are quite effective at portraying a believable relationship between Nog and Jake, and their response to the displeasure of their parents. **(9)**

12)**Vortex** 24th April 1993.

Written by Sam Rolfe; Director Winrich Kolbe; Music Dennis McCarthy; Visual Effects Supervisor Gary Hutzel.

Once again Odo's unique status is the cause of discontent, but this time it is Odo himself who is ill at ease as he tries to learn something about his roots.

Odo is spending time in Quark's trying to learn something about a possible connection between the Ferengi and a new arrival - a Miridorn raider presumably full of stolen goods. He is also curious about another new arrival, a lone individual some Klingons picked up in a damaged space craft in the Gamma Quadrant. As usual, Sisko was eager to greet any visitor from the other side of the wormhole, but their guest is not inclined to say much which makes Odo think he has something to hide. Quark denies knowing anything, although he was seen in conversation with the man. Quark tells Odo that paranoia must run in his species, which must be why no one has seen another of his kind.



The Miridorns also arrive and tell Quark to meet with them in a holosuite. Quark tells his brother to bring drinks, giving Odo a chance to hide himself in the form of a glass on the tray. He does overhear what he expects to hear. The Miridorns are trying to sell an objet d'art to a buyer arranged by Quark, but the Ferengi unexpectedly asks to see a bill of sale since a similar object was recently stolen and says his customer must have one or the deal is off. The conversation does not become more heated because the man from the Gamma Quadrant bursts in waving a Ferengi phaser and demands that the object be turned over to him. When the Miridorn twins attack him he kills one but is overpowered by Odo before he can eliminate the other.

The surviving twin is beside himself with grief. Miridorn twins are incomplete without one another so his loss is greater than usual. He demands the right to kill the man who killed his twin, but Sisko orders him to remain aboard his ship but not to leave DS9. Odo is not satisfied that Quark is as innocent as he seems. He suspects that he arranged the attempted robbery himself and supplied the man, Kroden, with a weapon so that he would not have to pay the Miridorns, but he can prove nothing. Sisko is more concerned with proper legal procedure since they know nothing about the customs and laws of Kroden's home world. He has no idea if they would wish to supply him with defense council since he is charged with a serious crime. Kroden says all crimes are serious on his home world and there are no trials, but Sisko decides that he and Kira must inform authorities there about what has happened. While he awaits trial, Kroden begins to talk to Odo about his shape-changing ability, telling him he never heard of a "changeling" with such versatility. Odo is scornful of his tales, at least on the surface, but Kroden tells him that there are shape shifters in the Gamma Quadrant. Odo tries to find out more about Kroden by questioning Quark, and warning him not to try to help the prisoner escape in fear of what he might reveal about Quark.

Kroden continues to talk to Odo about how they are both alone and alien here. He says shape shifters lived on his home world long ago, but were driven out for being different centuries ago. He knows a place where a few survive, finding it by accident when his ship became lost in the Chamra Vortex, a large asteroid belt. He offers to take Odo there, and to prove his story to the sceptical constable he opens a pendant he wears around his neck. Inside is a stone which moves and changes shape before their eyes.

Sisko and Dax locate Kroden's home world of Rekar but get a chilly welcome. In fact, local authorities have no wish to even speak with them until Kroden's name is mentioned. Then they learn he is a condemned man – having been convicted as an enemy of the people in absentia. They demand the return of Kroden to face his punishment on Rekar. Sisko dislikes everything he is hearing but decides that Kroden will be returned within 52 hours.

Odo asks Bashir to analyse the mysterious stone. The Doctor finds it to be a combination of organic and inorganic elements. The only cells he has seen remotely like it are Odo's own. Bashir tells him that the stone is like a distant cousin. Kroden continues to insist that the stone was found on an asteroid and that only he can find the way there through the Vortex. The pressure on Odo increases when Sisko orders him to elude the Miridorns and return Kroden to his home world for judgement… (8)

Kathleen Toth